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WILL ECONOMIC CONDITIONS at home force sense into the European chancelleries? Ironic as it may seem, Europe's chief hope of peace today lies in her poverty and in the rise of unemployment. England's Tory Ministry, talking of a break with Russia and threatening reprisals against the Chinese, is brought up short by the demand of Scotch fishermen that they be helped to sell their herring in Russia and by the effects of the Chinese boycott on British goods. The Ministry is faced too by the high tide of unemployment. At the beginning of this year fewer than 100,000 miners were idle. Each week since then has seen new stoppages; today 200,000 miners are out of work, and the total unemployment figure has risen to 1,250,000—the worst record since the early days of post-war deflation. France, too, has her troubles. Caillaux, her miracle man of finance, has discovered no royal road to solvency—only higher taxes and more short-term notes. The radicals are complaining that his new taxes fall more heavily on the poor than on the rich; and no one has yet begun to face the question of financing the dragging war in Morocco. As this week's International Relations Section shows, there is violent protest in France against this war, and a well-grounded suspicion that Marshal Lyautey deliberately provoked Abdel Krim's attack. To make peace now would mean a harsh blow for the "prestige" of the French empire in Africa; but how else can France buckle her budget together?

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF CHINA cables from Shanghai demanding that the United States cooperate with the other Powers in adopting "a strong attitude" toward China. China, its resolution says, should be held "strictly accountable for all losses of life, property, *and business*" (a new kind of claim!) due to the present situation. The American Chamber of Commerce of Hongkong cables its protest against Senator Borah's suggestion that extraterritoriality be abolished. Thus the business men stumble blindly along the historic path of bloody imperialism. Since publication of our editorial of June 17 we have been informed on the best authority that the international bankers grouped in the so-called Chinese consortium have not only brought no pressure to bear on our State Department to use force to protect American property interests in China but have even on occasion warned the Department that they believe such use of force likely in the long run to prejudice American interests. That is financial statesmanship with a long look ahead. We hope that the vision will not falter and that the example will spread. But with China four years in default on British and American loans totaling about $25,000,000 and on other American obligations amounting to almost as much, and six months in default on the Four-Power (not Six-Power, as we stated on June 17) Hukuang Railway 5 per cent loan of 1911 ($7,500,000 of which was floated in this country by a syndicate headed by Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co.) angry pressure by investors for "immediate action" and "a strong attitude" is a constant danger.

CALVIN COOLIDGE IS AFRAID—afraid of what other people may say about him, and even of what he says himself. That is the only possible interpretation of his attitude toward the reporters who meet him every week. It has long been the accepted, if ridiculous, rule of official Washington that when the President talks with the reporters he must not be quoted. Every week we read dispatches reporting the opinions of "a friend of the President," "an official spokesman," "authoritative quarters"; and everyone who knows Washington knows that what follows is direct quotation of the President's replies to the correspondents' questions. That is America's curious substitute for the question-hour in the British House of Commons. Instead of congressmen quizzing the chief of the state we leave it to the newspapermen. Of these half-concealed interviews a stenographic record used to be kept, and the reporters, if their own notes were inadequate, had recourse to the record. That custom prevailed through the Wilson and Harding administrations, and under Mr. Coolidge until his famous indiscreet reference to M. Jusserand and the Debt Commission. He got out of that by denying that he had said what every reporter knew he had said; and since that day the official stenographic record has been discreetly nonexistent. The reporters, still pathetically eager for accurate truth, thereupon had stenographic records made for themselves. Now Mr. Coolidge has ordered that practice discontinued. Why—unless because he is afraid of truthful reporting of his own words?

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WHEN GERMANY'S SUBMARINE WARFARE entered its final and most acute stage in the winter of 1916-1917, and the merchant ships of the Allies were armed to meet it, the question arose whether they did not thereby lose their status as non-combattants, becoming warships. A large body of opinion held that they did, while another group maintained that the exceptional character of submarine warfare justified unusual measures. As a matter of history, though, Great Britain undertook to arm merchant vessels long before submarine warfare had become a danger. Sir Bertram Hayes, who retired last year from the service of the White Star Line, was in command of the Olympic when the war began in 1914. In "Hull Down" (the story of his life recently published by Macmillan) Captain Hayes tells what happened on the first trip the Olympic made to New York after hostilities had begun:

> For some reason or other best known to those who were responsible for putting them on board, four six-inch guns were mounted while we were in dock, two at the forward end of the ship and two aft, and nucleus crews of naval ratings disguised as merchant seamen were shipped to work them with volunteers from my crew to fill up the complement. I protested against this as I considered the presence of the guns would be an added danger to the 2,000 or so United States citizens I was to embark for passage to New York. There was no talk at that time of submarines sinking passenger ships, and I understood that the armament was supplied to the ship for the purpose of defending her from any German raiders we might meet.

"HELLO, PIRATE!" said a naval officer who came on board on sailing day, as he glanced at the armament and saluted the captain of the Olympic.

> That was the last straw [writes Captain Hayes], and I burst out with: "Yes, that is exactly what they have turned the ship into—a pirate ship—but if anybody thinks I am going to be so foolish as to fire the guns if we meet a raider when I have 2,000 Americans on board they are making a big mistake. I wouldn't do it even if Winston Churchill ordered me to."

"Had we been unlucky enough to meet a German raider on our way across the Atlantic she would, to my mind, have been perfectly justified in opening fire on us as soon as she saw we were armed," Captain Hayes goes on to say. No such encounter occurred, but when the vessel reached New York the guns were called in question.

> The United States Government took exception to the forward ones being on board, as according to them they could only be there for purposes of offense, and only defensive guns were permitted by international regulations to enter a neutral port. The question to be decided was whether we were to be allowed the customary twenty-four hours to coal or be interned during the rest of the war.

The Olympic was not interned, and while negotiations went on in Washington there was time to discharge her cargo and load another. The vessel was finally allowed to depart, with the understanding that the offensive guns were to be removed before another trip to New York. They were.

GENERAL BEN H. FULLER, returning from Haiti on June 17, was incautious enough to say to a reporter for the New York *Times:*

> Contrary to the general impression the marines are not in Haiti on any general mission of sanitation or civilization. We are simply there to prevent the overthrow of the regularly constituted Government.

That is refreshing honesty. We are in Haiti to maintain in office an unpopular and unconstitutional Government, which could not hold office for a minute without the support of the American marines. American marines dissolved Haiti's legislature in 1916 and have not permitted Haiti to hold an election since. All the blather about uplifting the natives which the Marine Corps publicity man spreads so copiously through the Sunday papers is, as General Fuller admits, sheer whitewash. We are there, in fact, to make Haiti safe for the $30,000,000 loan which we forced on her in 1921. Major General John A. Lejeune, commandant of the Marine Corps, followed General Fuller with another announcement. The withdrawal of the marines was remote, he said, although the original occupation force of 3,000 had been reduced to 1,200, and would be down to 800 by October. Simultaneously, the State Department revealed that the ten-year treaty forced on Haiti in 1915 had been extended in 1917 for another twenty years—which, by a natural coincidence, extends American control of Haitian customs for almost the precise period of the American bankers' loan. The marines are not in Haiti, as General Fuller says, for any altruistic reason. They are there to serve American financial interests.

ELMER SMITH, who served as attorney for members of the I. W. W. in many prosecutions on the Pacific Coast, admires both the lumber-jack and the mule; but, he says, he has greater admiration for the mule, who when he has worked eight hours will not lie down and starve to death if there is plenty of food in the next field. Because of this expressed preference, the Supreme Court of Washington has recently sustained Smith's disbarment as an attorney. As evidence against him were used old I. W. W. song-books seized in a Portland hall in 1917 (although Smith is not a member of the I. W. W.), his speeches about the mule and the lumber-jack, and other speeches in which he advocated a general strike for the liberation of the eight men convicted in the Centralia murder trial. Smith, who was made a co-defendant in the Centralia trial, was acquitted; but the conduct of the case so outraged him that he has since spent his small personal fortune in appeals for amnesty. Two members of the Washington court could not see that Smith by this conduct violated his oath to support the Constitution and the laws, and expressed a dissenting opinion. It is noteworthy that the acts charged against Smith were supposed to constitute violations of the criminal-syndicalism law, but he was not indicted under that act—that would have involved a jury trial, which is not required in a disbarment proceeding. It is also interesting that the secretary of the Federated Industries of Washington (an open-shop organization) in his annual report last year stated that "the Federated Industries extended assistance in securing evidence for the prosecution."

SMITH'S DISBARMENT is a symptom of a spirit more dangerous to American institutions than rhetorical indiscretion—even assuming, with the majority of the court, that Elmer Smith permitted himself a latitude of phrase inconsistent with his attorney's oath. This dangerous spirit is broad only in its conception of the relevance and meaning of evidence offered against a person whom, on other grounds, it is desired to punish. A

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lawyer in a neighboring State was suspended for six months when he was found guilty of helping a "respectable" mob physically oust I. W. W.'s from his county. The difference between that sentence and Smith's disbarment is symptomatic of the state of justice in parts of the West. The true reason for Smith's disbarment was, of course, distinct from any pretext which his injudicious free speech afforded. It was to punish him for energetic professional services to I. W. W. clients and to make it hard for such clients, in future, to feel that they could get fair protection in their "day in court."

UPTON SINCLAIR'S pen is tireless in its war upon autocracy, commercialism, and humbug. Seldom judicial, Mr. Sinclair is nevertheless a gallant and useful fighter. He never wearies and never sleeps, and wherever he sees a wicked head he hits it. Between broadsides of heavy artillery, when other men would use the moments to rest, he picks up a rifle and does a bit of sniping like the following letter recently addressed to the Los Angeles *Examiner:*

> My attention is caught by an editorial in this morning's *Examiner* headed Bigotry and Bunk. You very justly reprove a teacher in New York for wishing to suppress modern ideas in the schools, and you say: "Fortunately, in Los Angeles we have a Board of Education, just re-elected, that answers to the homely but eloquent description of being level-headed."
>
> I agree with your judgment upon the New York teacher, but I am afraid that you flatter Los Angeles. Are you aware of the fact that for the past four or five years the school board of Los Angeles has barred from the libraries of the high schools both *The Nation* and the *New Republic*—which I find the two most useful magazines now published in the United States? If the *Examiner* is really interested in educational freedom and common-sense in Los Angeles, will it not take up this issue in an editorial? I look forward with great hope to seeing this action upon your part.

We do not know whether the *Examiner* printed this letter or not. We imagine not. Anyhow, to make sure that it sees the light, we print it ourselves.

MANY PEOPLE who claim to believe in modern education still shake their heads sadly when it is seriously proposed to permit children to develop naturally and creatively. "What," they ask, "is to become of such children when they must face the crippling realities of our straitjacketed society? How can they, trained under conditions of freedom, adapt themselves to the restrictions and tyrannies of present-day life?" This question was naturally raised at the second annual conference of the Manumit Associates, held at Pawling, N. Y. A. J. Muste, of Brookwood Labor College, proposed that graduates of the Manumit School might be saved from the "abyss" that awaits the child trained in freedom by working under the liberating influences of the labor movement. James Maurer, of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, felt that Manumit children would be "a healthy sprinkling of the brighter minds" so sorely needed in the rank and file of union members. All this is true, and labor's support of the Manumit type of education is the wisest possible statesmanship. Children who are given an opportunity to develop creatively, to deal early with realities and solve real problems, can be trusted later to grapple intelligently with larger social and industrial issues. Instead of adapting themselves to tyrannies they may set about removing them —which is perhaps what those who shake their heads over modern schools like Manumit fear most of all.

A CHAIR OF BANKING and finance has been endowed in Western Reserve University by Henry P. McIntosh, a Cleveland financier, which

> shall teach as a fundamental principle the inviolability of both personal and property rights—that even-handed justice holds invested capital sacred and honorably and righteously entitled to a fair return based upon amount and risk involved; that to labor belongs a reward commensurate with its contribution to the conservation and welfare of the enterprise enjoying it, this being the true conception of an ideal society favoring neither capital nor labor, but giving to both that share which their ability and effort respectively justify.

Capital should get "a fair return based upon amount and risk involved," but it is not "sacred." It is accumulated labor at its best; and it should come behind labor, which not only produced it but without which it has no continuing value. A provision like the one in connection with the endowment of this chair is typical of and normal to the business world of our topsy-turvy modern industrialism, but it has no place in any university which hopes to serve the democracy of the future or the honest scholarship of the present. Robert E. Vinson, the new president of Western Reserve, has a chance to align himself with the cause of free education by asking that the terms of the gift be redrafted.

THE NEW YORK *COMMERCIAL* publishes Report No. 13 in its File No. 19 (indexed for financiers who keep scrap-books) on the Wheeler Defense Committee. Under this name, it says, "one must infer . . . the American Civil Liberties Union hopes to conceal its Socialist and Communist connection and find a way both to secure a little ready cash and 'bore from within' organizations where its work has not been effective in the past." It prints the membership of the committee, including Jane Addams of Hull House, Peter Witt, William Allen White, Samuel Untermyer, and a row of distinguished lawyers, clergymen, authors, and professors. The *Commercial* comments: "Very few are men or women who have done anything constructive in this country." One wonders what the *Commercial* considers constructive. Obviously not Senator Wheeler's own work of merely saving the nation from a gigantic robbery by high officials.

HAVELOCK ELLIS thinks that good spelling is rather an uninteresting vice of modern civilization. He preferred the individualistic orthography of the parents of his Bushmen students to the correct versions of the school-taught children. Possibly he may think good proof-reading another vice. And possibly not. One little letter overlooked may make a tremendous difference. There is the tale of the obituary of a New England spinster, which concluded with the pious remark "Lord, she was Thine!" The typesetter ran out of e's, and the final letter was omitted, with disastrous results. Last week many of our readers must have smiled to read, in the editor's tribute to Mr. Godkin, the strange sentence "I do not believe that he ever rendered a fine service to America." It should, of course, have read "finer."

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Tennessee *vs.* Truth

WHEN the prosecution of John T. Scopes, teacher of biology in the Dayton high school, is begun on July 10 it ought to be cried out by the court clerk as the State of Tennessee *vs.* Truth. For the trial brings to a head the attempt of a great commonwealth to determine science by popular vote, to establish truth by fiat instead of study, research, and experiment.

Not that Tennessee stands alone. Unfortunately, it has plenty of company. Tennessee just happened to be the first State to pass a law designed to prevent the teaching of the doctrine of evolution in its publicly supported schools. Kentucky missed passing a similar law by one vote, while only the upper house of the Texas Legislature prevented such legislation going on the statute books. There are restrictions upon teaching evolution in Oklahoma and North Carolina, and a campaign to that end is under way in California. All over the South and West there is agitation with a similar purpose.

Why the South and West? Merely because those sections are primarily rural and the anti-evolution movement has its springs in the small towns and the back blocks. Its champions are mostly among our much-praised native-American stock. They are the people who are generally held up as the safe-deposit vault of our ancient national virtues, but actually—all too often—a people bled white by the migration of their best individuals to the great cities. They distrust schools which are better than their own. They have been deprived of the vigor they brought into the world and left without leadership, a fine soil for fundamentalism, the Ku Klux Klan, and other manifestations of superstition and ignorance.

The campaign against evolution—against the scientific method—is only part of a larger movement clearly discernible since the close of the World War. On the one hand, there is the growing tendency to regulate all human existence by law—including opinions and personal habits. Coupled with it is a reaction of fear and obscurantism against the intellectual renaissance that began about the time of, and was greatly influenced by, the European struggle. Our tendency to resort to legislation for all purposes is overwhelming our courts and bringing law of all sorts into contempt. The number of cases in our federal courts is more than double what it was ten years ago, while most of our State tribunals are likewise loaded down with increasing pressure. As to our intellectual renaissance, there is a great deal said about the illiberalism that has come in the wake of the World War, but it is sometimes forgotten that this is not merely an arbitrary habit formed during the long years of restriction but still more a counter-action set up against the new ideas and new technique that rose splendidly from the ruins. In Russia and in China, throughout the Old World, the Great War led to a great political and economic awakening; in America, more or less, coincident with and determined by that conflict, we have seen the rise of a new poetry, fiction, and drama. Only a fraction even of our intellectual leaders have read this new literature. But everybody has read *about* it. They have heard—and believe—that it is blasphemous and indecent. In fear and panic they seek to preserve their ancient customs, their old beliefs.

The first act of fear and panic was the attempt during and just after the war to ward off new political and economic ideas by passing "anti-sedition" and "anti-syndicalist" laws and by trying to hound "radical" and "red" teachers out of the schools. Then the victims of fear and panic sought to save the old-time patriotism by attacking the critical spirit of some of the school history-books. Finally came the defense of the old-time religion through the campaign to suppress the doctrines of evolution in the teaching of science. The important question is not whether the doctrines or theories which these laws seek to suppress are true; it is whether it is ever possible or desirable to determine the content of teaching, to attempt to define truth and suppress error, by law.

To the trial in Tennessee newspapers all over the country are sending special correspondents; a great blare of publicity resounds. But it is not certain that anything of much importance will be accomplished there or in higher courts. Many people think that Mr. Scopes has clearly violated the law and must inevitably be convicted in Dayton, but that he will win eventually on appeal to the higher courts on the ground that the law provides for the interpretation of science according to a particular religious belief. It raises directly the issue of freedom of religion by providing that no theory shall be taught in State-supported educational institutions which "denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible" or states that mankind "has descended from a lower order of animals." Thus it is reasonable to hope that whether or not Mr. Scopes is acquitted in the Dayton trial the Tennessee anti-evolution law will be condemned.

But no decision of the Dayton or a higher court will resolve the problem. *The Nation*, as its readers know, is opposed to the continual nullification of the popular will by the courts, even in a direction which it approves. Truth cannot be established by vote of the courts any more than by vote of the legislature. In the end, a sustained public opinion will have its way. We can hardly question the right of any people to decide how and what the youth in its schools shall be taught. We ought to contest not the right but the wisdom of any limitation which prevents the teacher from presenting all sides of every question, of opening up for the young mind every possible avenue to truth. In this day it ought not to be necessary—but it is—to argue for the scientific method, for the right to research and experiment, with the fearless publication of the findings to all, in school or out. Any other course will take us straight back to the Middle Ages, when scientific truth was determined by vote of ecclesiastical councils and the wisdom of Greece and Rome was lost amid casuistry, obscurantism, and the Inquisition.

Thus the case of the State of Tennessee *vs.* Truth will not be settled by legislature or courts. It is rather a challenge to our churches and our educators. It is, above all, a challenge to the intelligence and the leadership that center in our great cities and an indictment of a civilization that sucks into them the best, materially and morally, that the nation produces—leaving the rest of the country bankrupt and then expressing ridicule and surprise at the consequences.

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"Young Bob"

THE special election to choose Senator La Follette's successor has been postponed until autumn, and various editorial writers conclude that the prospects of Robert La Follette, Jr., are thereby diminished even as the "emotionalism" which would probably insure his election now will have diminished. This view is based on the natural misconception that "young Bob's" claim to the senatorship rests largely on his being his father's son and that his selection by the Wisconsin voters would be a sentimental tribute to the statesman whose name is so imperishably linked with the great midwestern commonwealth. Americans properly view askance any effort to make public office hereditary; New York State voters managed to distinguish between the Theodores, father and son. And while neither two months nor two decades will dim Wisconsin's reverent admiration for the late Robert M. La Follette, it will be well if the interval strips the election of any sentiment other than the aspiration to pick the man best fitted to perpetuate his ideals.

The choice of La Follette's successor of course transcends any ordinary special election. Wisconsin, the Wisconsin of La Follette, has been for a generation an experimental workshop for progressive democracy, a pioneer among the States, a symbol of that vigorous trail-blazing Americanism which we like to associate with the basic concepts of this republic. Upon La Follette's political heir will devolve in large part the duty and responsibility of preserving and further developing the Wisconsin idea. It is inestimably important that he be to the highest degree steeped in its tradition, with the qualities of head and heart to hold together and strengthen the national movement to which it has given birth.

For this reason it is desirable that there be no misconception concerning the qualifications of "young Bob" to fill the seat occupied for eighteen years by his father. For ten years, while officially his father's secretary, he has been also a comrade in battle, a collaborator and counsellor. His responsibilities and the burden of work were unusual. Senator La Follette represented far more than his own State. He was the leader of national movements; spokesman throughout the Union for the seamen, the farmers, the city workers. He was often away from Washington, for his political sagacity showed him the necessity of constant personal contact with his constituents. He did not fall into the error of Progressives like "Mose" Clapp and "Joe" Bristow, whose immersion in their task at the capital allowed their political enemies to undermine them at home. So for considerable periods "young Bob" held the fort in Washington.

The decision to launch a Progressive candidacy last summer was made hopelessly late—at the close of the Democratic convention. Funds and organization were totally lacking. Everything had to be done at once without time or means. Senator La Follette's physical condition was alarming—"now it can be told"—and much of what was done, and left undone, emanated from that overshadowing fact. His ill-health caused the postponement of his speaking tour till mid-October and the cancelation of the Pacific coast schedule—the doctors forbade his crossing the high altitude of the Rocky Mountain plateau. During this period of stress "young Bob" bore the brunt of all criticism, unflinchingly served as buffer for his father, took the responsibility for virtually every important decision, became unofficially but actually the leader and manager of the Progressive campaign. Prodigiously energetic, unfalteringly enthusiastic, sound in reasoning yet quick in decision, always unassuming, he managed somehow to keep together a host of heterogeneous and disparate elements. His cheerfulness was a constant inspiration to every campaign worker. If any man possesses the qualities of leadership it is thirty-year-old Bob La Follette. His father entered Congress even younger, and few Senators after a whole term in office know Washington's problems and pitfalls as well as he. None other in the Progressive group of Wisconsin could speak both for the State and for the nation as effectively.

Wayward Genius

IT was Remy de Gourmont who pointed out the fact that wayward genius is not so much accepted by succeeding generations as carefully regularized by them. Cervantes sets himself against imaginative idealism, but he appears in this day as merely the satirist of depraved romances; Rabelais, celebrating the animal man, has his great work explained away as chiefly a plea for intellectual liberty; Molière, arch-enemy of culture for women, did not mean, so we are assured, to poke fun at any except ridiculous pretenders; and so it goes.

In America conspicuous talent has not tended to be wayward, but the history of the reputation of our most outstanding embarrassing genius—Edgar Allan Poe—follows the regular course. Hated and neglected by his contemporaries, he has been elevated step by step until he now appears as our greatest imaginative writer; but the price he has had to pay for a bust in the Hall of Fame is the complete sentimentalization of his story. A fierce, bitter, and at times utterly malicious wrangler with his contemporaries, he has been gradually softened by his biographers until he appears not the violent controversialist which he was, but the patient recipient of all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune which he did nothing to provoke. The quarrel with Rufus Griswold, which he certainly appears to have provoked, is generally told with such an abundance of righteous rhetoric directed against his opponent as to completely disguise his own not too honorable part in it; his envious and wholly unjustified virulence against Longfellow has been soft-pedaled to the point of inaudibility; and the element of definite pathological morbidity—the element which alone has kept his stories from going to oblivion along with the works of Horace Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Charles Brockden Brown, to whose school he belongs—is generally left unmentioned.

Not seldom one hears people speak of Poe as though his chief claim to fame were the fact that his detective stories and his critical theories had, respectively, conferred upon us the doubtful boon of the Sherlock Holmes detective stories and the modern correspondence courses in the fabrication of the short story. Thus the busts erected to his memory do not so much celebrate him as they celebrate a censored and regularized legend of a man who was not, in reality, respectable enough to be tolerated in the same rotunda with Susan B. Anthony and Henry Ward Beecher. And, strangely enough, his intemperance has been of the greatest service in this process of regularization. It was, actually, rather a symptom of his neurosis than a cause,

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but, since Alcohol has become a convenient embodiment of the root of all evil, it has been possible by a discreet reference, made with lowered voice, to suggest that whatever the defects of his temperament they were chargeable entirely to the bottle which the Eighteenth Amendment had, unfortunately, not yet banished.

By a strange irony, his most devoted admirers have usually been those who were temperamentally least inclined to take a realistic view of either life or letters, and it is quite fittingly unbefitting that the prize recently offered by the *English Poetry Review* for the best poem upon him should be won by Edwin Markham, who, whatever his merits, is very distinctly the thing which Poe despised most —a didactic poet. Unfortunately it cannot be said that the poem in question is likely to take its place along with "Adonais" and Swinburne's elegy upon Baudelaire as one of the very few great poems addressed by one poet to another, but we shall quote what seem to us the best of the twenty-six stanzas published in the New York *Times:*

He sought his dream-love there by many names
  Of beauty and of wonder and of peace—
Lenore, Legeia (burning like pale flames)
  Morella, Berenice.

He trod high chambers lit with ruby light,
  And heard in the hush the ghostly arras stir,
And stir again, in the deep and secret night,
  With memories of her.

He knew the demon's whispers in the deep,
  And songs of deathless love where seraphs are:
He saw the cliffs of time, a ghostly heap,
  But over the cliffs a star!

Freckled Boys

HUMAN beings are so pitifully alike in New York and Sauk Center, in Berlin and Shanghai, in Paris and in Fez, that it is sometimes hard to understand the ease with which war lies and propaganda make their evil way. Yet behind the swallowing of atrocity stories is a kind of pathetic loyalty to one's kind. It is easy to believe ill of the stranger; one knows one's own countrymen to be very like oneself. The truth seeps through slowly.

Three weeks ago *The Nation* referred to the incidental admission of Lieutenant General Robert L. Bullard that the French Moroccans took no prisoners, and that on occasion Americans had "loaned" the Africans some German prisoners. A former American army officer, "one who volunteered before draft and served upwards of nineteen months in the United States army, but nevertheless does not feel that one side of the war ledger was all black and the other white," calls our attention to an article in the June, 1925, issue of *Scribner's Magazine.* There Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., U. S. A., frankly reports that his soldiers did not wait to "loan" their prisoners to Moroccans. In the heat of battle they bayonetted the prisoners themselves. He reports one freckled underling confiding to his father that he had "shot up a few" of his "damn Heinie" prisoners; and later "the freckled boy saw his brother killed and went himself quite mad among the wounded and the corpses with his bayonet." There is more of the same.

The freckled lad was probably no worse than his fellows. Boys went quite mad and did horrible things in all the armies in those days when blood was cheap and men were honored for their success in killing other men. The officer did not reprimand the boy who came to him in the heat of battle and confessed that he had murdered prisoners; how could he? He told him to "come along." And so, when shells were pounding about him, and machine-guns spitting, and men dying every minute, any officer of any uniform would almost certainly have done. That is war. War, not anything peculiar in his national makeup, sent that boy, and thousands of other boys, mad. In the fierce tempests of battle the pitiful laws of war fade, and men do brutally the brutal thing they are there for—they kill, they murder as many of the enemy as they can. Why not? What is war for? But when the next war comes (or the next threat of war) and the George Creels begin to bombard us with tales of just such freckled lads among the enemy—but tales adorned, torn out of their human setting so that the boys appear monsters—shall we understand them as we understand Captain Thomason's American orderly; or shall we forget what we have been learning, and attribute the mistakes to some inhuman factor in their national blood?

General Bullard tells us a little of the way he helped such freckled boys to make mistakes. He complains that "the average American soldier" always met his hate-tales "with a considerable amount of incredulity, for the simple reason that in his association with the Germans in the United States he had not seen the cruelty and frightfulness." So the general "published to the troops during a long period of preparation and training every recent instance of German frightfulness and cruelty that came to [his] knowledge"—rumored or true, we may safely add. And then he remarks:

> More powerful and of wider reach as a hate-maker was the impression produced by the President's far-published idea that the war was nothing else than a life and death struggle of democracy, on the side of the Allies, against autocracy, on the side of the Germans. Though I could never so see it myself, nor divine its truth from the origin of the war, it was nevertheless a catching idea. It was widely heard in the press and had a great effect among all the Allies and especially among Americans as something American, proposed by an American. Altogether the hate-making produced some effect upon our men.

It did not matter whether the idea was true or not; if it would help stir men to fight and kill, it was a good idea to spread. Anything that would help make hate was good. And that, too, was war.

When *The Nation* was founded sixty years ago Northerners believed of Southerners much the same things as Americans were thinking of Germans seven years ago (when *The Nation* took on its new lease of life)—much the same things as we shall soon be believing of the Chinese if events take their natural course and the Great Powers use their armed forces to "establish order" and "preserve liberty," or whatever phrase they use to cloak their imperialistic crusade. When Captain Thomason writes affectionately of his own American men, incidentally revealing that they, too, were guilty of "atrocities," we can almost sympathize; we can at least pity. Cannot we include other people, built of the same human cell matter, within the range of our understanding, and center all our hatred upon the thing that turns all men to beasts—war?

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In Dayton, Tennessee

By HOWARD K. HOLLISTER

WE reached Dayton at midnight, and were stopped by a deputy sheriff with a flashlight and a shotgun. A man with a bleeding face was with the sheriff. He had been assaulted by a drunken man, who had fled in a car. Convinced that we were newcomers, the sheriff allowed us to go to the hotel. This hotel is called the Aqua, named no doubt in honor of the delicious water which bubbles from springs everywhere in this beautiful hill country. The Aqua is an American Plan hotel of the kind that has practically disappeared from the East—a place where you get the best the land affords for a flat daily rate. Breakfast starts at seven, dinner is at twelve, and supper at six. At about quarter to seven in the morning the clerk comes and knocks on the doors to announce breakfast.

The farmhouses in these East Tennessee hills have a home-like look. Stetson felts are plentiful, and countrymen carry sticks. The soil produces large crops of strawberries and other fruit, besides corn and potatoes. It is said that Dayton shipped more strawberries than any other town in the United States this year. Through the length of Rhea County, in which lie Dayton and Spring City, flows the Tennessee River, navigable from Knoxville, through the Big Bend in Alabama, past Muscle Shoals and up to its mouth in the Ohio at Paducah. Goods can be shipped from Knoxville to New Orleans on the river, but due to low water and rapids only light draft steamboats can negotiate the upper stretches. There is much talk in Dayton about the Government building dams to improve commerce on the river.

When the proposition was made a month or more ago to commercialize the evolution trial, the Progressive Dayton Club considered and finally rejected it. There was a faction that wanted an outdoor stadium built, where the trial could be conducted like a county fair or a circus, but the temper of the Dayton people was against it. As an officer of the Progressive Dayton Club expressed it, "We have a fine chance here to put Dayton before the world in a favorable light, and we don't want to lose it by doing anything that might cheapen the town." The city of Dayton has remained true to its conservative decision. No prices have been raised. The spirit is entirely one of friendly hospitality. "We want everybody who comes to Dayton to learn the truth about Dayton," says the cashier of the bank. The citizens greet each newcomer with a smile and a handshake, and invite him to sit down in one of the chairs which line the sidewalks outside the stores.

If one settles in front of Robinson's drug-store, where the now famous conversation that led to the indictment of Scopes took place, one hears nothing but opinions on evolution. In such a gathering I found myself the morning after Darrow spoke. The secretary of the arrangement committee of the Progressive Dayton Club was voicing the views of "our side"—the only side one hears about in Dayton. He seemed to have been deeply impressed by Da[illegible]'s unassuming attitude and homespun manners. "H[illegible]s small words, but he rolls them right up together at [illegible] he said with feeling. Another member of the gro[illegible]id everybody who heard Darrow knew he was sincere. "He made us understand the relation of cause and effect," said a third. There seemed to be no feeling against Darrow as the defender of Leopold and Loeb. "I can understand how those boys just had to do that because of the way they were raised," said the club secretary. Darrow's fatalistic philosophy has evidently taken strong root in Dayton.

But the talk soon turned to pleasantries. "This trial is going to be about the idea of God," I ventured. "Well, there's plenty 'round here that knows all about God," said the club secretary. "There's a farmer out here about six miles; he *saw* God." This provoked a general laugh. "But that ain't the only one," went on another member. "We had a preacher here in the Southern Methodist Church that signed a contract with God. He met God in the street one night, and God told him He wanted him to come and serve Him the rest of his life. But he wouldn't do it, 'cause he said the spirit was willing enough but the flesh was too weak. So he wrestled with God for an hour or so and then signed a contract to serve Him for seven years and no more. That preacher baptized more people than any other preacher in Dayton, more than all the others put together, I guess. Once he baptized seventy-five at a crack."

Dayton has a dozen churches. The principal denominations are Southern Methodist, Southern Baptist, and Presbyterian. It is an unusually large proportion of churches, even for East Tennessee. The religious feeling of the countryside is reflected in numerous signs along roadsides near the town. One I saw said "Take care lest thy sins find thee out."

John T. Scopes is happier now than he was during his brief visit to New York. He goes swimming every day in a natural pool about a mile from town. He spends the late afternoon, or "evening," as it is called here, in Robinson's drug-store. He takes himself seriously at all times, and the trial even more seriously. The attitude of the Dayton people against profiteering and "jazzing up" the trial has been austerely upheld by him.

The talk stirred up by the evolution question has laid the East Tennessee towns wide open. People are taking sides, but one hears only one side. The Bryanites apparently don't dare to talk. A cartoon of Bryan, showing him in the guise of a monkey, has a great vogue here. The legend is "He denies his lineage." Thousands are being sold in Knoxville and Chattanooga.

The good people of Dayton, at least those one sees about the streets and in the stores, understand that no decent evolutionist claims man is descended from a monkey. And they voice no objection to agnosticism of the Darrow stamp. There is a preacher in Knoxville named Percy Knickerbocker, who is known as the John Roach Straton of Tennessee. He preaches hell and brimstone in the Southern Methodist Church. When the play "Rain" was advertised several months ago, he demanded that the city council forbid the performance. The council appointed a special committee of three to witness a dress rehearsal. This committee never made a report, so "Rain" was given to a packed house. Later this preacher demanded and got a standing vote of

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confidence from his congregation. Probably no preacher would dare make any such issue now.

When the question of defying the anti-evolution law was first broached in the State, it was several weeks before a single educator could be induced to express an opinion on the subject. Dr. H. A. Morgan, president of the University of Tennessee, himself a science teacher, refused to commit himself to reporters. He has since received high praise from Sunday school associations and the fundamentalist sects throughout the State. The head of the zoology department in the University of Tennessee refused to show his zoology textbook to reporters. The superintendent of schools of Chattanooga refused to express any opinion whatever on the law. Then Scopes stepped into the breach and everything began to change.

Behind the whole fight stands Dr. John Randolph Neal. He is perhaps Tennessee's greatest libertarian. He resigned from his position as dean of the University of Tennessee Law School at the time of the "slaughter of the Ph.D.'s" in 1923. This came about through the imprudence of Professor Jesse Sprowls, teacher of genetic psychology at the university. Mr. Sprowls had the bad taste to order for his class a small consignment of James Harvey Robinson's "Mind in the Making." The final result of this action was the dismissal of six professors of as many sciences, one being a "German sympathizer" as well as an agnostic. Dr. Neal has since established his own school of law, to whose graduating class Clarence Darrow and Bainbridge Colby recently addressed words of encouragement.

Dayton invites everybody to come to the trial. True, the courthouse will not seat everybody, nor the houses hold everybody. But the country is lovely—a softness of atmosphere pervades it, in keeping with the soft-spoken accents of the people. It is hot, but not insufferably hot. There is plenty of room in the hills around the town to pitch tents. The stores have plenty of merchandise. The roads are almost perfect.

And John Thomas Scopes has made the finest mousetrap in the world.

Deep Water Runs Still

By SILAS BENT

Deep Water, N. J.—Mechanical readjustments in the $1,000,000 tetraethyl lead plant of the Du Ponts here, closed down by the company, would eliminate parts of the manufacturing apparatus from which the fumes might leak, it was said today.

IF you have noted dispatches such as this in the newspapers, you may have wondered about Deep Water, New Jersey. You may have sought to give a local habitation to the name. You may have tried to run it down in an atlas, or in the "Postal Guide." Neither would have enlightened you. The telegraph companies would have told you, if you had inquired, that they had no offices there.

Deep Water has achieved no official recognition, no standing with geographers. Although it embraces a town, it is not a town. Although it is a port of call for ocean-going steamships, nautical charts ignore it. Although it figures in newspaper date lines, no news can emanate directly from it. For it is important as quietly as possible.

Across from Wilmington the Delaware River, here three miles broad, has channeled deepest along a bend of its eastern shore. It is still, this current, with hardly a ripple to catch the casual eye. Still waters run deep; colonial river folk named this bend. But nowadays Deep Water means a reservation of six square miles, dotted with smokestacks, sprawling sullenly along the river bank. During the World War, 25,000 men were busy here at the peak, making smokeless powder; ships slipped empty to the docks, and waddled away with tons of explosives in their bellies. In peace, three of its four powder mills have been dismantled, and the army of recruits has been demobilized. In the phraseology of the Du Ponts, Deep Water is now "the dye works." It is a congeries of poison plants. There chlorine and phosgene and the lethal-benzol series, which turns blue the bodies of its victims, are manufactured for trade purposes. There, until a federal investigation began, the Du Ponts made tetraethyl lead.

To most of us Du Pont means Wilmington. It was at Wilmington the directors met the other day to declare a 40 per cent stock dividend; they had met there a short while before to increase the rate on common from $8 to $10, and all the official statements issue thence. It is a profitable going concern, the E. I. du Pont de Nemours, and Wilmington is its showplace. But only the cerebral ganglions of a complicated industrial and financial organism are to be found there. The dynamite plants and commodity factories are elsewhere. The poison factories are huddled in the propitious obscurity of Deep Water.

Tetraethyl lead, although the plant for making it is in "the dye works," and although the men employed there are called "dye operators," has nothing to do with fabrics. It has nothing to do with dyes. Its commercial significance may be stated succinctly in this, that it will make one gallon of gasoline do the work of two. It is mixed one gallon to a thousand, and the result is an "improved motor fuel." Combustion is better, and the "knock" in the automobile is eliminated; but, best of all, in a high-compression engine, with long and narrow cylinders, it will develop tremendous power. Every automotive engineer in the United States, so it is said, is bending all his energies toward devising a better high-compression engine than the others.

Tetraethyl lead is now a matter of public interest and official investigation because of a disaster last October in the Bayway plant of the Standard Oil near Elizabeth, N. J. General Motors and Standard Oil had joined hands as the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation to make the stuff, and five of their workers went suddenly and violently insane. They died in strait-jackets. They died stark mad, grinning and gritting their teeth.*

Straightway the newspapers coined a phrase, "loony gas." It was a misnomer. In common parlance "gas" means gasoline, and there was nothing to show that anyone had gone loony from the use of ethyl gasoline. It was the fumes from tetraethyl lead which unbalanced and destroyed the workers; either inhaling the fumes, or absorbing the

* An article on The Standard Oil's Death Factory by Mary Gross appeared in *The Nation* for November 26, 1924.

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poison through the skin. But the strange and terrible deaths of these five were a nine days' newspaper wonder. The spotlight of publicity beat fiercely upon Bayway, upon Standard Oil, upon General Motors, upon the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

"The Du Ponts have been having trouble too," said Thomas Midgley, Jr., inventor of the new use of tetraethyl lead. And rumors began to circulate of deaths at Deep Water, but not much got into the newspapers. There were investigations by New Jersey officials, demands for concerted action by scientists, rulings in this State and that against the use of ethyl gasoline; there were columns and columns of general newspaper discussion, huge headlines, editorials, special articles, but only casual items about Deep Water.

The Deep Water plant had been shut down for improvements by the company, one of the items said; as a fact it had been closed by the New Jersey Labor Commissioner. There had been "some difficulties in the experimental stages," another item said, but none "within the past few months"; as a fact there had been three deaths within "the past few months."

Whereas there had been but five deaths at Bayway, there had been eight in all at Deep Water. Four men had died in a single hospital, the Salem (N. J.) Memorial Hospital, three in a month. To scores of poisonings at Bayway, there had been hundreds at Deep Water. A physician who worked there during but half of the period of production told me he himself handled hundreds of cases.

"But why make all this fuss about tetra lead?" he demanded. "The Du Ponts make other poisons there in even greater quantity which kill a man like that!" (He snapped his fingers.) "And those plants are still going full blast."

Hallucinations overtook the workmen in the Deep Water tetraethyl-lead plant as they chatted at the noonday meal, or went about their tasks. They chalked pictures of winged insects on the walls. They paused to snatch at empty air. Those who escaped poisoning dubbed the place "The House of the Butterflies."

But, amid all the shouting and the tumult about Bayway, none of this got into the newspapers. None of it got even into the newspaper which screamed most loudly about "loony gas," and averred that it was campaigning against the poison "almost single-handed." Deep Water ran still. It escaped the spotlight. It was visible only in the penumbra of the news.

In Wilmington, whence must come all official statements of profits and losses, financial and human, from the Du Pont properties, there are three daily newspapers. All of them are owned by the Du Ponts. All the men who work for them depend upon the Du Ponts for a living. The opposition, if any exists, has no voice. The "news instinct" is stifled. "It's bad for the town," a Wilmington newspaper man told me. "I can say honestly that I've never known the Du Ponts to put over anything, in the way of education or politics or business, that I couldn't support with a clear conscience. But they can put over anything they wish. This is their bailiwick. This is their barony."

But what about Salem? Why hadn't the four deaths there been broadcast? The president of the Salem Memorial Hospital is editor of a Salem newspaper. The secretary of the hospital is a newspaper man. The hospital is a public institution, but the Du Ponts equipped the electric laundry; the Du Ponts make donations annually; the Du Ponts pay, for the treatment of patients from Deep Water, sometimes thrice as much as the city of Salem budgets for the hospital. "And I've heard it said," a citizen of Salem told me, "that the Du Ponts pay half the taxes in Salem County. I don't know whether they pay that much, but they pay enough to be entitled to some consideration."

Salem is but a twenty-minute ambulance run from Deep Water. On the Du Pont reservation there is a hospital, with its staff of physicians and nurses, but it is used chiefly for emergency cases. One of the deaths occurred at Carney's Point, an industrial town of one-story rubberoid cottages on the reservation, owned and policed by the Du Ponts. It was said that this death was caused partly by uremic poisoning. Another of the men died in delirium at Penns Grove, a nearby town, and nothing whatever was said about it—nothing publicly. A settlement of $17 a week was made on the widow, to continue four years.

Many of the workers in the poison plants make their homes at Penns Grove, rather than in Carney's Point, on the reservation. The *Record*, published at Penns Grove, is the newspaper nearest to Deep Water. It is an intelligently edited country weekly. "But whatever we get out of Deep Water," the editor said, "we have to pick up from the workmen. If there's a boiler explosion we find out about it, but they suppress the facts about the tetraethyl lead and other poison plants."

One of the workmen went home to die; and his home was in Bridgeton, in a different New Jersey county About this there was a good deal of publicity; the facts even filtered to New York. About this and three other deaths the Du Pont publicity bureau gave twelve-line items to the Wilmington papers, with orders to print. But somehow the facts did not get out of Wilmington.

In production, not in publicity, there was rivalry between the tetraethyl-lead plants at Bayway and at Deep Water. It was not unfriendly, because the Du Ponts own a third of General Motors, which shared in the profits from Bayway; but at Deep Water all the profits, instead of a fraction, accrued to the Du Pont company; and to facilitate the output a new million-dollar plant was opened the first of this year. When it was opened there had been but four deaths in the old dye plant, where production had begun two years before. The new brick building was well-ventilated, and there seemed a promise that no more fatalities would occur. There would be some poisonings, perhaps, but by now the Du Pont medical staff surely knew how to cope with them.

The new plant had been open but six weeks when the pressure of friendly rivalry made itself felt. The chemists at Deep Water found that their supply of bromine, used in making the ethyl bromide introduced into the process, was inadequate. Bromine is a dark, reddish-brown liquid which gives off an irritating odor. It is difficult and costly to make. There was a prospect that it would be impossible to procure bromine in the quantities necessary for such mass-production of tetraethyl as the Du Ponts contemplated. Why not use chlorine?

Chemically bromine acts like chlorine, which is a greenish-yellow and extremely poisonous substance. Both unite directly with ethyl; and chlorine had this advantage, that it could be produced cheaply and in huge quantities. So ethyl chloride was substituted for ethyl bromide in making tetraethyl lead. And within a few weeks there were four deaths.

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It was then that the New Jersey Labor Commissioner closed the plant. It was done quietly. The news item said it was done to make "mechanical readjustments." In fact, these were made. The Du Ponts spent more than $60,000 installing a new ventilating system, which would change the entire atmosphere every forty seconds, warming and moistening the incoming air. Every one will tell you that the Du Ponts spare no expense to protect the health and lives of their employees. So after five weeks Dr. Andrew F. McBride, the Labor Commissioner, gave permission to reopen the plant. But it had been operating only a short while when the federal investigation began, and it was closed the middle of last April to await the outcome.

The federal activities included a pow-wow of scientists at Washington, under the direction of Surgeon General Hugh S. Cumming. There were two camps. One wanted to investigate the whole production of tetraethyl lead as well as the distribution of ethyl gasoline doped with it; the other thought effort should be concentrated on the commercial rather than the industrial phase. A resolution was adopted under which a committee of seven scientists was appointed, and instructed to report by next January "if possible."

The resolution dealt only with the commercial distribution and use of ethyl gasoline; but Surgeon General Cumming, after he had learned belatedly of the deaths at Deep Water, announced that industrial production would be investigated too; if the committee didn't look after it, he would undertake it himself.

Now, 300,000,000 gallons of ethyl gasoline had been distributed through twenty-eight States before the plants were closed. The tetraethyl lead was shipped in small containers at first, and mixed with the gasoline at pumping (filling) stations; then it was shipped in 40-gallon drums, and mixed with the "gas" at various large plants, one of them the General Motors unit at Canton, Ohio. Two men are known to have died there. And a garage man at Weston, West Virginia, went strangely insane. He died at the county hospital, but this was before Weston knew that tetraethyl lead drove men daffy. So far as is known, no motorist has been poisoned from using ethyl gasoline.

Upon the findings of Surgeon General Cumming's committee depends the fate of a new industry involving billions of dollars. Until the findings are made public the five-story brick "House of the Butterflies" stands idle—and silent—at Deep Water.

Will Russia Return to Capitalism?

By HARRY F. WARD

STATE capitalism in Russia, for this and not state socialism is what the New Economic Policy really is, constitutes the intermediate stage between private capitalism and whatever form of socialism will ultimately be worked out. Under state capitalism business goes on as usual. The only difference apparent at first glance is the number of enterprises conducted by state agencies. All the machinery and methods of private capitalism—the market, prices, wages, profits—are being used, but there is a vital difference underneath the surface. It is in the matter of purpose and end. The essence of the situation is the attempt to coordinate this machinery of the market for the purpose of securing the economic means to maintain and develop a definite plan for the cultural improvement of all the people. The methods of the market work as elsewhere. Prices are set partly by the government and partly by competition, wages are determined by a legal minimum and above that by collective agreement through trade unions, profits accumulate in properly conducted enterprises—and then comes the difference. The government takes a larger proportion of profits than in other countries, in the form of taxation from private traders and a share agreed upon in advance from concessionnaires. The profits of state enterprises are divided into three parts, determined at intervals by agreement between representatives of the several parties in the undertaking. One part goes to the state, another to the enterprise for improvement and extension, and a third to the wage-earners for their own welfare work. The further difference between private capitalism in other countries and state capitalism in Russia is that the share of profit which goes to the government is used directly for social well-being, whose promotion through a huge central plan is the chief end of the Soviet state.

The state capitalism of Russia is, of course, not absolute, and herein lies the possibility of its reverting into private capitalism instead of developing into state socialism and then communism according to the forecast of the Russian Marxists. The state is the dominant but not the sole capitalist. It has nationalized the land and other natural resources, but the land is still for the most part administered by the peasants on the ancient communal *mir* plan of periodic assignments for strip cultivation. It has nationalized banking, export and import trade, transportation, industry, and all buildings except small dwellings. Transportation it operates directly, export and import trade through various subsidiary agencies; banking is a state function in which the cooperatives are permitted to share, and one bank has just been opened by a mixed concessionaire and government company; mining and manufacturing are conducted mostly by state trusts and for the rest by concessionaire companies in which the government is usually a partner; merchandising is done by private traders, the cooperatives, and the distributing agencies of the government trusts.

In this combination of agencies the cooperatives are, of course, working with the state away from private capitalism. While they are necessarily capitalist in part of their method they cut the tap root of capitalism in their handling of profit and provide the consumers' approach to a new economic order. The belated recognition of this fact, as well as political and economic opportunism, has caused a total change of attitude on the part of leading Russian Communists toward the cooperatives. At first they tried to capture or suppress them. Then they ordered universal compulsory membership. Now they are seeking to strengthen them on the original Rochdale voluntary basis by giving them all possible aid and comfort. The slogan now is "through cooperation to communism," and the cooperatives, very large and powerful in Russia, are a major force in the Communist economic strategy. The question then

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of the possible extension of private capitalism in Russia is, first, whether foreign investment can get a stranglehold and compel a reversal of policy, whether the private trader or farmer can make sufficient money to start again the psychology of profit and the seductions of luxury, and, finally, whether state agencies as operated in Russia can prove themselves more efficient than private enterprise.

The economic strategists of Russia hope to keep foreign investment as a subordinate part of their state capitalism by restrictions written into the bond of every concession. These provide for the enforcement of labor regulations, the ratio for the division of profits, and bring the enterprise periodically under review by the board of economic strategy. So far the Russians have been able to hold to their terms, despite their great need of capital. The destruction of war and revolution has been repaired only to the point of about 70 per cent of pre-war fixed capital, and the state industrial bank is compelled to charge the state industries from 12 to 18 per cent for liquid capital. Nevertheless, they will not yield to the percentage demanded by Japan for developing the oil in Sakhalin, and they have their people with them. The chances are that Russia, with a social ideal, right or wrong, ahead of it, can wait longer than Western surplus capital with the push for profits behind it.

To prevent the private trader from restoring the psychology of capitalism through the making and spending of profit has proved a more difficult task for the Russian government. The immediate effect of the N.E.P., "the restoration of the market," as Lenin succinctly and accurately defined it, was the rise of a horde of successful profiteers and speculators, the beginnings of a new bourgeoisie. The government met this problem first by repression. Decrees defining economic offenses were passed and the Commissariat of Justice was given extraordinary powers to deal with "the economic counter revolution." It was empowered to "send away," that is exile without public trial, those who were accumulating money to the point and by the methods prohibited. This was the origin of the stories of the "new Red terror" circulated last spring. There was no bloodshed. Some were sent out of the country, some to a definite district or city or town where there was slight chance of a profit-making career. Then heavier taxes were clapped on private profit so that now the Nepmen are complaining that they cannot make any money. Also the prices of staple commodities are fixed at a maximum. This is done by agreement between the executives of the cooperatives and the economic planning board concerned. Thus, for example, the maximum retail price of sugar is fixed at thirteen cents. All have to pay the same wholesale price to the state distributing agency. Anyone can sell at retail for less if he can. If the private trader can undersell the cooperatives he is welcome to do it, but it is a hard game for him to beat since his taxes are several times higher. It is not the plan to drive the private trader out of the market by these repressive measures. It is desired simply to maneuvre him into a minority position and then keep him there as a competitive spur to efficiency on the part of the cooperatives.

With the peasants the problem takes a different form. The incubus of the noble landowners being removed, the restoration of the market brought the possibility of the more intelligent, industrious, and thrifty peasants forming a rural, petty bourgeoisie, something after the French pattern. Against this the Communist papers started a campaign which would be accurately described from the capitalist point of view as the stirring up of rural class consciousness and class hate. At first every peasant who got two horses was to be treated as anti-social. But the absurdity of this soon became manifest and the present propaganda is directed against the peasant who seeks to use the labor of others for his profit. On the positive side there is a campaign of education in the villages designed to enlist the surplus energies of the young peasants in social service for local needs instead of letting them go to money making. The issue is almost entirely one of psychology, as at present there is no likelihood of much investment capital accumulating in agricultural pursuits. And the Communist strategists expect to dominate the psychology of the situation through their propaganda and organizing capacity. Fifty years is the time they have set for themselves in which to make the peasant population a conscious part of the Communist regime.

This hope cannot be realized, nor can the determination to keep the needed foreign investor in a subordinate position, unless the present state capitalism in Russia can prove itself economically more efficient than private capitalism, that is unless it can supply more social values to the people. Here is the core of the question. As the Communist leaders put it, "the revolutionary struggle is transferred from the military to the economic front." They recognize much more than do the political leaders of other nations that the question of the world revolution, with the subordinate issue of propaganda in other countries, is now secondary to the question of economic efficiency in Russia. They know now that the question of what can be done in other lands, as well as the question of whether they stand or fall in Russia, is finally to be determined by the capitalist test of whether they can deliver the goods, and that in the literal, economic sense.

For securing economic efficiency the Russian Communists rely upon three main measures—a coordinated plan, technical improvements in industry and agriculture, and propaganda to develop a psychological attitude. They are the first to organize what some of the foremost publicists of other nations have for some time been urging, but so far in vain—an economic general staff. The basic belief of communism that "production can be intelligently regulated in the interests of the people," has become a genuine attempt in the economic life of Russia and is the main reason behind the faith that state capitalism will develop into communism. Put in another way by one of their leading economists, the scheme is centralized direction with the largest possible amount of local initiative, and the direct participation of workers in the management of production through the unions. This is not merely a dream of the future. There is much history behind it. The short era of modern capitalism is practically the first time that the human community has attempted to carry forward its economic affairs in planless fashion, trusting that the chaotic strivings of individuals would somehow fall into a reasonable pattern.

The attempt at an intelligent coordination of economic activities around a chosen purpose is being carried forward through three bodies, graduated in scope and authority. Roughly speaking, one develops general strategy, the next plans tactics in a given situation, and the third administers them in relation particularly to labor. Thus, for example, the first decides what general measures must be adopted to

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lower industrial and raise agricultural prices in order that the situation of the peasant may be eased; the second is informed in the report of a concessionaire corporation that its production can next year be increased by so much, but after examining the market and the condition of other similar enterprises decides that only a portion of this increase is desirable; the third is told by another manufacturing corporation, partly Russian and partly foreign, that it can reduce overhead and lower prices next year by dismissing a specified number of workers but permits it to dismiss only that lesser number which the labor market can absorb, holding that unemployment is a greater evil than a cost of production slightly above the efficiency standard.

Those who regard all government regulation as evil and nationalization as the sum of all economic villainies should not be misled into judging the Russian situation too hastily in terms of the conditions with which they are familiar. The economic interests of Russia are not turned over to mere politicians, still less to politicians whose main principle is to get and to hold the perquisites and spoils of office; they are administered by economists, engineers, and trade unionists, working and planning together. Political considerations do at times dominate, but they come in from the international situation, and will until all mankind gets intelligence enough to understand that the only economic unit under machine production is the world. The Russian leaders understand just as well as their critics the dangers and evils of bureaucracy, inevitable in any attempt to coordinate the life of a nation. But they say: "Properly to administer human affairs today bureaucracy is unavoidable. The only possible course is to reduce its evils to a minimum." And to this end they are constantly inventing devices. The real test will come when revolutionary enthusiasm has abated and the stimulating hostility of the rest of the world has been modified.

The attempt to increase production and to lower its cost goes on in Russia exactly as it does in the intelligent sections of private capitalism. Improved machinery and improved methods are eagerly sought for. Industrial engineering has an even higher status than where it is an adjunct to money making. It has the advantage of a central purpose which invites the worker to realize his personality as a cooperating unit in a nation-wide plan. Hence so-called efficiency methods get a support from labor which they elsewhere have lacked save where a few far-seeing employers have made the wage-earners participants in the administration and proceeds of the process. In the attempt to make industry a scientific process the Russians have two advantages. They have no conflict with an inherited apprentice system, and no friction between workers and owners each seeking the maximum possible share of the surplus.

The broad issue of economic efficiency for a country like Russia is, as one of their experts puts it, "to restore the normal economic development and relationship between the owners of industry and the owners of agriculture"—that is, the workers and peasants. The objective then is to equate agricultural and industrial production. This is the problem that is baffling the United States. Its acute concrete form is what Trotzky graphically called "the scissors problem"—that is, the increasing divergence of agricultural and industrial prices, like the opening blades of a pair of scissors. When the peasant or farmer cannot buy city products, industry languishes; there is in turn a diminished demand for food products and the vicious circle of depression is complete. The trade crisis in Russia early in 1923 was of this sort. It was liquidated partially by reducing industrial overhead and cutting prices. The familiar problem of the enormous spread between producers' and retail prices was also tackled by eliminating some of the steps in the trading apparatus, especially in the cooperatives. It is the view of the policy makers that economic and political strategy must center for some time to come on the peasant, not merely to make him content with the government by getting him the goods that he wants at prices he can afford and keeping his taxes at a reasonable level, but to get him to improve his productivity so as to reconquer his position in the world market. Hence when President Rykoff tells the peasants they are worse off than before the war and exhorts them to increase their product, the newspaper critics of other nations are completely misled when they jubilantly acclaim this as evidence of the failure and fallacy of the Soviet scheme. It is on the contrary proof that its leaders are tackling their real job. The outside world does not yet understand and appreciate the realistic frankness of Soviet officials in dealing with internal conditions.

It is a curious fact that the Communists should lean so heavily upon exhortation and educational propaganda in their struggle for economic efficiency, since in their philosophy the psychological attitude is supposed to follow the economic condition. Yet in order to get time to work out their program, they must imbue the worker and peasant with a knowledge of the plan and a desire for the goal. Hence the multitudinous propaganda of exhibit, lecture, pamphlet, book, and the organization of youth to get enough of the people to accept the ideal and to wait in some deprivation in order to give it a chance to succeed. The whole scheme of education is designed to produce the psychology and practice of intelligent service in a community plan instead of the cultivation and gratification of self-interest.

That the Communists are succeeding in this matter is demonstrated by the fact that the industrial wage-earners are getting along with only about 75 per cent of pre-war wages while the cost of living is about 15 per cent higher. Nevertheless they are putting their backs into production and constitute the enthusiastic core of Communist strength. This is not simply because they have some additional advantages in low rent, cheap access to recreation and culture, and more direct participation in the management of production. It is also because they increasingly feel that they are participating in an attempt which seems to them tremendously worth while. The same process is beginning among the peasants.

Still another test of the extent to which the Communists are, as they would say, conquering the psychological situation, is the amount of corruption that develops in their machine. Their boast is of the ability to run government with a low-salary cost, and for this they depend upon the social incentive. No Communist may get a larger salary than 192 rubles, that is, about $96 a month. From time to time the papers, government organs all, in striking contrast to procedure elsewhere, publish the names of party members who, beguiled by the flesh-pots of Egypt, have been caught in corruption, and record the punishment given them. This is always much heavier than for a like offense committed by a non-Communist. The number is small compared to the opportunities, and it grows less.

The final evidence, however, of the gradual substitution

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of the psychology of social planning and service for the psychology of unregulated initiative, self-interest, and profit is in the attitude of youth. Since the war ended, and even since the Bolsheviks captured the state, a generation has passed from adolescence to adult life. It has not known the institutions or incentives of private capitalism. Its attitudes toward life have been determined, in so far as the student and industrial sections of it are concerned, by the Communist viewpoint embodied in education and propaganda. This is true also for such of the peasants as have been reached by the education of the Red Army and by the League of Communist Youth. In so far, then, as these sections of young Russia are concerned, and they are the vital sections which will take the lead, it is not too much to say that the balance of energy has been transferred from possessive to creative activities, from self-seeking to public service.

The final outcome is a question of economic fact. Is state capitalism solving the problem of production and distribution? Upon this question some light is thrown by the official chart prepared for the Supreme Council of National Economy. These are Bolshevist figures, of course, but assembled for the Communists' own guidance, and whatever they may do with others they do not deceive themselves at this point; they cannot afford to. Taking pre-war production in 1914 in both industry and agriculture for purposes of measurement as 100 per cent, this chart shows a sharp drop until 1918 when both touched the lowest point, agriculture at about 55 per cent and industry at about 15 per cent.

About the middle of 1918 the curves turned upward and proceeded steadily but less rapidly than they dropped, with industry moving a little faster than agriculture. By 1924 agriculture stood at about 85 per cent of pre-war production and industry at about 55 per cent. To the protagonist of private capitalism this is sufficient proof, at least for newspaper and platform purposes, of the failure of the Soviet regime. But the Soviet technician is not moved at all. He says: "We took hold in 1917 at almost the lowest point of production. We inherited all the disintegration of one of the most corrupt and inefficient administrations in history and all the inertia of a slow-moving people. We took hold of the disorganization caused by the war and the first revolution; we were then given several years of counter-revolution and civil war. As if that were not enough we next ran into a wide-spread famine. In two or three years we shall reach pre-war production." This willingness to move slowly and to wait is, of course, more Asiatic than European. It does not suit the tempo of the profit-making system, but as long as it suits Russia there is no return to private capitalism; the tendency of movement, slight though it may be, is in the other direction.

The Farmer Goes Into Business

By FRAZIER F. PETERS

TWO years ago, according to official reports, the average farmer's income over his living was ninety-seven dollars a year. In "living" clothing, books, automobiles, schooling, carfare, and movies were not included. Since this was an average figure and since our farmers number several millions you can readily imagine what the income of the lower half was and what it means to the nation as a whole. And yet with a problem of this size before them many writers glibly offer panaceas, among which the most popular are diversification, cooperative marketing, and improved credits.

I believe that no one of these can possibly cure the trouble; they are superficial and would only serve to stave off the evil day of reckoning. This is obviously true of the cooperative idea as it is practiced.

Within the last fifty years we have been creating an immense machine for producing and distributing commodities, which we proudly call business and even more proudly call "big business." The average business man takes great pride in his machine and sits back and marvels at its work, while some of us sit back and marvel that it works at all. His very ideals are perverted by his pride in this machine until we find him repeating such foolish statements as "Advertising is what makes the man in Maine eat Oregon apples."

He boasts of low production costs; one-tenth of a cent saving here and one-tenth there soon make millions, but he is not ashamed of ten or fifteen cents spent in selling or distributing a penny product providing someone else foots the bill. To make him really happy, in fact, you must show him that the price asked of the public is way above the production cost. He will cheerfully tell you, as one of the marvels of our business organization, that a certain safety razor was originally manufactured to sell for a dollar but was finally offered to the public for five and has been extremely successful.

This type of man will rage when miners or clothing workers want a 10 per cent raise, but he can see nothing wrong in a machine whose efficiency of distribution is demonstrated by such profits as those reaped by Asperin, which can be produced profitably for one dollar a pound and is retailed for fifteen; or baking powder, worth at the most twenty cents, which brings one dollar; or corn meal, worth two or three cents, for fifteen or twenty; or shaving cream, worth a cent and a half, for thirty-five.

And so this man beckons to the farmer to join in dividing the spoils by forming large units, advertising, and getting "top prices."

The farm "cooperatives," however, effect only one group or line of produce. For instance, we have various dairy cooperatives. They have been carrying on a national propaganda to increase the consumption of milk. One of them (thoroughly drugged with modern business methods) has figured that if it can make every man, woman, and child in New York drink one more spoonful of milk a day it will be able to . . . ! But around the corner we hear the potato man complaining that since the people started to drink more milk they have eaten fewer potatoes, and so he proceeds to organize a campaign.

And so it goes. Nothing is produced. Artists draw impressive pictures of a Louis XVI dining room with a butler passing chewing gum to a beautifully gowned assemblage of successful business men and their wives. Men who might be writing respectable stuff try to persuade you that

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it is desirable to be able to entertain your company in the cellar. And now the farmer puts these same forces to work to sell his goods. The orange, egg, peanut, raisin, and potato growers in various localities have their cooperatives and are posting the cars and magazines with their various trademarks and are asking inquisitive questions as to what you have eaten that day until gradually in certain lines unbranded goods are disappearing.

According to our business friend a great thing has been accomplished. At least a hundred valuable trademarks have been produced. Millions of people at an expense of millions of dollars have been hypnotized so that they cannot ask for anything without prefixing the mystic trade name. And this is what he offers as a solution of the farmer's troubles! And as proof of this he points to the examples we already have of cooperatives selling branded goods. Some of these have been extremely successful and have reaped tremendous profits for the organization and for the farmer members. But what have they done to the non-member farmers? How have they benefited the public? What have they produced?

The average citizen believes these cooperatives somehow bring the farmer closer to him or, as he puts it, "do away with the middle man." Such is not the case. They actually only take the place of the commission merchant and in effect are a commission house in which he holds the entire stock and they usually take just as large a commission.

Our business friend would explain that they have produced a "demand." A demand for what? A demand for your goods. A demand resulting from advertising your "selling points." A "selling point" is one of our friend's mysterious terms, which, when analyzed, means any unessential detail possessed by your goods and not by the others on which an interested party could talk for ever but which a disinterested purchaser would not trouble to question. Make the public demand white eggs even though brown be as good. Make them call for white yolks though yellow are more normal. Do anything to be different! You must have a selling point! If necessary paint the chicken houses black and advertise an offer of several thousands of dollars in prizes for the best letter telling why eggs from "black-housed chickens" are best.

The public decides it must have eggs from "black-housed chickens." Others are offered at a lower price in vain. The price of black-housed chickens is raised with great success, for our dear old public will have "what it wants when it wants it" and ordinary, normal, hen-laid, unbranded fresh eggs are now relegated to the undesirables as a food for the unemployed and inquiring poor, and unfortunately the producer follows them into obscurity.

The "public" pays the price. In its raring and tearing around town it can save another minute by asking for "Humpty Dumpty Eggs," and be reasonably sure that they come from black-housed chickens. Just what it does with those minutes saved I don't know, and I won't be as inquisitive as the visiting Chinaman, but I do know that the financial cost of all these minutes is rapidly becoming intolerable. And the modern "farmers' cooperative" is not going to help relieve it.

But enough of him, this man of business. His is the old game. He would set the farmers of California against those of Maine, and "the De'il come up wi' the hindmost." But though it may help the Californians, it will not help the farmers as a whole, for one has to lose, and the loser is done for. Business wars between various groups of farmers waged on just such insane grounds as wars waged between nations will bring the same results. The farmer and consumer will both end by losing.

The consumer loses because the only ideal actuating these "cooperatives" is increased profits for the farmer, and these are to be won, not by correcting the present atrocious system of distribution but merely by creating a preferential demand for each "cooperative's" particular product. And, though at present the cooperatives have only raised the price of their commodities a small percentage, we may look forward confidently, judging from our former experiences with monopolies actuated by the same ideals, to greater and greater increases as troublesome competition is gradually eliminated.

Of course we might assume for the sake of charity that having created their preferential demand, amounting eventually to a monopoly, they will then consider us farmers outside their restricted zones as well as the consumer. But I believe having followed modern business methods to that point it is more reasonable to expect them to continue when the goal is reached.

Their ideal is increased profits for their members and not increased profits by correcting the faults in our system of distribution. The "profit motive" prevails, and according to Warbasse it has nothing in common with true cooperation.

In the Driftway

A CHILD was recently brought into court as a witness against her stepmother. The child was covered with bruises; the stepmother had beaten her; the stepmother was being charged with improper guardianship. The judge dismissed the case and would not allow the child to testify because he held that parents had a perfect right to beat their children, that he himself had beaten one of his children for untruthfulness so that "he was unable to sit down," and as a consequence none of his children had ever been untruthful since. The Drifter observes in this little story much that should be of interest. In the first place, not so very long ago it would have been unheard of to question, and certainly to bring into a court of law, the right of a parent to chastise a child in any manner he saw fit. The Drifter remembers well a boy whose father beat him with a trunk strap, buckle end, and when the boy, proud and stubborn, refused to indicate in any way that the punishment was painful to him, the parent only beat him more for his bull-headedness. If the neighbors heard of this proceeding they did not bring the matter into court; they minded their own business, and considered that the father was only minding his.

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THIS attitude of mind has changed so completely in some circles that the Drifter is well acquainted with children who have never felt the rod, the slipper, or even the parental slap on the wrist. He will not say whether or not he thinks the children have benefited thereby. Possibly natural cussedness was so deeply inbred in them that no amount of beating would have got rid of it. But with the attitude he finds himself in general sympathy. Considered in cold blood, there is something a little one-sided in a 180-

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pound father beating a 40- to 80-pound boy. A far better system would be for the parent to write down the occasions for chastisement in a convenient note-book and at a future date tackle his grown son in a fair fight over each one of them. The trouble with such a system, of course, is that after fifteen years, it would doubtless seem silly to engage in a boxing-match with Edward because at ten years of age he had stolen a banana off the side-board and neglected to inform his mother of the fact. The father would say that he is not, obviously, interested in the banana. No. Let Edward have all the bananas he wants, but let him come up like a little man and ask for them, instead of stealing them like any common thief. To which Edward would certainly make the equally obvious answer that he would not have been given the banana if he had asked for it like a little man, a fact which he had been previously careful to ascertain, that he wanted the banana terribly, and that anyway taking a banana off the side-board in your own house was not stealing, because it was a family banana and as such the property of any member of the household.

* * * * *

THE only refuge of the parent in such a case would be to resort to broad general principles of moral conduct. Not a banana, but Stealing, Lying, Disobedience, Deception. The banana would be forgotten; the fact that his son might grow up to be a Thief, a Burglar, a Murderer, a Confidence Man, would take its place, and Edward would be, quite properly, beaten in order to ward off the danger of such horrid consequences. The Freudians would probably say that Edward, sentenced later to jail for second-story work, suffered this fate because of the banana complex instilled in him by his parent at the age of ten. This would doubtless be an extreme case; but if Edward grew up to be a respectable citizen, it would be with little help from his father who had done his best to instil in him ideas of stealing and lying at an early age. Thus the judge, mentioned above, who felt confident that all his children had remained consistently truthful as a result of a beating administered to one, shows that his years on the bench have added little to his knowledge of the world. For the persons deterred from crime by punishment to others is small; and the judge's children, taught the necessity of prevarication by the fate of one of them, have possibly become adept in the art by now.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Hope for Wisconsin University

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Wisconsin progressives are jubilant over the election of Glenn Frank to the presidency of the University of Wisconsin. From being one of the most liberal of American universities, imbued with the progressive La Follette spirit, the institution has been, under the leadership of President Birge, on the whole, one of the bulwarks of conservatism. With a board of regents most of whom were appointed by Governor Philip, the great monopolistic interests have used the university, as they have used other colleges and universities, to discredit social, political, and economic reform of almost every kind.

The first step which has brought about a veritable revolution in the university was legislation providing for farmer-labor representation on the board of regents. Every member of the present board is an appointee of Governor Blaine, first elected as a progressive in 1920, and his appointments have been made in accordance with the law requiring farmer-labor representation. Under the control of a progressive legislature, a most liberal appropriation bill for university purposes has been passed, carrying out an extensive program for new buildings and for the better support of various departments.

The Wisconsin Legislature is largely made up of farmers and representatives of union labor. The assurance of a change in university affairs was the prime factor which secured the passage of an appropriation bill unprecedentedly large. Appropriations heretofore have been pared down partly because farmers and wage workers felt that the university was being used as an instrument against them. The farmers once even went so far as to pass a bill through the Assembly abolishing all appropriations for farm institutes conducted under the auspices of the agricultural department, of which Professor Russell, an intolerant reactionary, is dean. It was largely through the influence of Dean Russell that George F. Comings was ousted as a farm institute lecturer. This incident was largely the cause of Mr. Comings being selected as a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, which office he held for two terms.

About a year ago a group of juniors, seniors, and post-graduates went through the university catalogue with me and checked the names of all professors and instructors who could fairly be classed as liberals. Of the thousand names on the list, fewer than 100 received a check mark. While no Wisconsin liberals believe that any teachers who are proficient should be promoted, demoted, or driven out of the university faculty on account of their attitude toward any reform movements, yet we do believe that in filling future vacancies there will be an attempt to obtain at least a decent proportion of representatives of present-day liberal thought.

And we are confident that voluntary student organizations which wish to hear such speakers as Lincoln Steffens, Scott Nearing, and Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare will not in the future, as in the past, be refused a hearing in university halls.

I notice from a reading of Eastern papers that the Coolidge Republicans are saying that Wisconsin is slipping back from the notable progressive position it has had. They fail to appreciate that reactionary forces have lost the university. And in the present session of the legislature reactionaries met pronounced defeat by the passage of a bill which will largely increase income taxes and effect a corresponding reduction on the farms and homes of the people.

Madison, Wisconsin, May 29 CHESTER C. PLATT

A Word of Praise

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have taken note of the coming sixtieth celebration of the founding of *The Nation* and as I am off to Hawaii next week I want to send you a word of congratulation. I think that you are certainly to be felicitated upon the high standard that you have managed to retain. Despite your rather incomprehensible opposition to the League of Nations, which marks, after all, the most earnest endeavor yet made by erring humanity to accomplish something really worth while in civilization—despite that rather glaring lapse, I may say in all sincerity that we all continue to feel refreshed and invigorated by your weekly blast on the trumpet of real liberalism and by your efforts to inject a spiritual note into the politics and economics of the day. Your last few numbers have been even better than usual and so I say, a long life to *The Nation!*

New York, June 10 EDWIN R. SELIGMAN

Britain's Budget

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The discussion in and out of Parliament that has been aroused by the Winston Churchill budget indicates that its brilliant presentation failed to draw attention from its deficiencies and inconsistencies. The return to the gold standard is

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taken on trust by the man in the street, who is content to leave the subject to the financial experts. Nor is it possible to stir up much feeling over a reduction of income tax, however partial the application may be. But it is not difficult to foresee that industry will feel the strain of an insurance and pension scheme that calls for additional sacrifices from workers, employers, and taxpayers at a time of trade depression, or that the total volume of trade must be reduced by the imposition of import taxes and excise duties.

The success of the Snowden budget of a year ago was due to the fact that it removed restrictions and permitted a freer exercise of individual initiative. Mr. Churchill's proposals will have a contrary effect. Amusingly enough, the claims of individualism were recognized by an avowed Socialist while they are now flouted by a life-long champion of free trade. The fact is, of course, that politicians everywhere are opportunists to whom hard and fast principles are obnoxious. They are almost all Socialists, if by socialism we mean the regulation of human relationships by a multitude of special laws expressing the wisdom of Authority as opposed to that of the individuals whose lives are thus regulated. Whatever the party name, Tory, Liberal, Labor, Republican, or Democratic, the politicians are alike in their endeavors to add to the paternalistic powers of government.

Mr. Churchill's offering to the protectionists includes an extension of imperial preference by an increased tariff on dried fruit, sugar, tobacco, and wine, the reenactment of the "McKenna duties" on motor cars, musical instruments, clocks and watches and cinema films, and new import taxes on hops and silk, both real and artificial. Aside from the makers of high-class pianos, who have suffered somewhat from German competition, the trades originally affected by the McKenna duties have prospered during the year of open competition, and the revival of these taxes can only be justified on grounds of political expediency.

Besides reducing the sum total of trade, taxes on imports demand an increase in administrative machinery to deal with a complicated set of facts, to determine, for instance, whether consignments of automobiles and their component parts are to be regarded as trade vehicles or pleasure cars, and to decide what materials are to be grouped under the heading artificial silk. More government officials will be drawn from productive pursuits to assist in tax-collecting, and the cost of living will increase as the free movement of commodities is checked.

Mr. Churchill said that his "twin supreme objectives" were security of the home of the wage-earner against exceptional misfortunes and the encouragement of enterprise through a relief of the burdens resting upon industry. The extension of working-class insurance aimed to fulfil the first requirement; the changes in the income tax are addressed to the second. In spite of the fact that the wage-earners have been reduced to such a degree of poverty that they can no longer support themselves properly even when they can find employment, the methods of past governments are still adhered to, and are likely to be until the victims discover that the state has no other source of wealth than the pockets of the people. To relieve distress it places new burdens upon industry and multiplies the candidates for relief. In these circumstances official tears for the poor are bound to be of the crocodile variety. No one knows this better than Mr. Lloyd George, who remarked cynically that his friend and ancient colleague was particularly interested "in making provision for the widows and orphans of protection who suffered from heavy bereavement in the election of 1923."

Budget makers have it in their power to cement international friendships and to liberate the productive forces of the country by doing away with monopolies and placing the burdens of government upon those who enjoy the chief benefits of public expenditure; or by creating new privileges, they may raise up enemies abroad while adding to the distress of a working population denied access to the unused natural resources that surround them. Added to its other shortcomings, the budget of 1925 fails to reduce the swollen expenses of the state.

Mr. Francis W. Hirst calls attention to the enormous appropriations for armaments, rising £20,000,000 above the actual expenditures of three years ago; and he makes the profound retort to the navy enthusiasts that solvency is the first line of defense not only for the nation but for civilization as well.

There are striking parallels between conditions in England today and those that existed a hundred years ago, after the Napoleonic Wars and the wholesale enclosure of the commons. But, alas, there is no Cobbett to ride about the countryside and comment on the follies of Parliament. The observant traveler, passing through this green and pleasant land, will feel inclined to echo his words: "What a *system* it must be to make people wretched in a country like this!"

Grasmere, England, May 5 FRANK W. GARRISON

Hindenburg as President

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That Hindenburg personally is not the man who would want to take sensational or revolutionary steps nobody contests. The apprehension generally felt is, however, that an increasing influence may be exerted by those parties and men that have the power to guide, counsel, and coerce the old President. Will they not force him to give satisfaction to his 14,700,000 supporters by preparing the war of revenge or by putting an end at least to that "fulfilment-policy" which the nationalists have so fervently combated ever since it was started?

Practically everybody, whatever may be his wishes for a far future, wants Germany now to recover, and nothing else. The election, therefore, was mainly fought on lines of inner politics. The two groups stand for two opposing programs of inner reconstruction. If Jarres had remained the candidate of the "parties of the right," the economic and social controversy, most acute in Germany at this time, would have made a clear issue.

He belongs to the German People's Party, which without exaggeration may be called the party of the plutocracy and of Germany's so-called heavy industry. Had he become Ebert's successor, the election would simply have given expression to the fact that capitalistic power has been triumphant over the power of labor in the German Republic. The similarity between the German election and conservative victories in other countries, fought out under the slogan of "good business," such as the world has recently witnessed, would then have been evident to everybody. That Hindenburg, the representative of the monarchist, agrarian, and middle-class German Nationalist Party, was put up in place of Jarres for the second decisive election is due to tactical and demagogical reasons. To get the majority, a more popular man than Jarres is proved necessary. But when it comes to govern and to decide upon the line of politics, the German People's Party is sure to remain the most powerful group. It has the men, it has the money, and it alone can secure the necessary foreign credits. The Nationalists will take their share in the profits of a plutocratic government. Protective tariffs on agricultural products have already been promised to them. Capitalistic conservatism has its own ideas on reconstruction all the world over. There is nothing particularly remarkable about the German conservative program as compared with that of other conservative parties, especially as far as social and economic matters are concerned.

The fact that surprises and gives the German election its special flavor is that the commander-in-chief of "His Majesty's armies" should have been chosen to preside over a highly plutocratic republic.

Berlin, May 5 A. WOLFERS

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Wanted: A Bootlegger

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the recent issues of your paper I have noticed, with no surprise but some interest, the efforts of the fundamentalists to protect their errors by forbidding the teaching of science—evolution—in the schools and colleges. Of course they might as well forbid the tide to rise; but in the meantime——

Do you know a good, enterprising young evolutionist who wants to go into the business of bootlegging evolution into the colleges? There should be a real opportunity for some young spirit of progress in this; for, if he can succeed with the bootlegging of evolution one-tenth of 1 per cent as well as others have succeeded in bootlegging liquor into the schools and colleges, he will do well.

This suggestion is made in all seriousness. Bootlegging evolution should grow to be an interesting business; for forbid the young knowledge, and they will thirst for it as never before, just as has been the case with strong drink. If your young man needs capital for his enterprise, tell him I would like to be the first subscriber.

Montreal, Canada, May 28 Charles A. Mullen

Virginia's Freedom

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is worth noting, I think, that among the numerous Southern and some Western and Eastern States that are making official or unofficial war against evolution, there is one Southern State conspicuous by its absence: namely, Virginia. While Tennessee and Texas, in particular, are enacting their anti-evolution law without a single protest from the State universities of these States, can any one imagine that if a similar attempt was made in Virginia the University of Virginia would keep silent? Hardly! Thanks be to Thomas Jefferson, it would not.

Moreover, the possiblity of the Virginia Legislature ever enacting a law in any way affecting religion is absolutely nil; not that the funadmentalist powers are weaker in Virginia than in the rest of the some twenty-four States listed as fighting evolution, but simply that the tradition of Thomas Jefferson is stronger. Jefferson introduced the Bill for Religious Freedom in the Virginia Legislature; he is also, to quote his own phrase, "Father of the University of Virginia," and neither the Virginia Legislature nor the University of Virginia will ever permit such desecration of his spirit as is being perpetrated in some twenty to thirty other States.

At the University of Virginia the spirit of Jefferson is very real—and from President Alderman down to every last man you meet with it, and can almost talk to it. Jefferson's passionate devotion for freedom—especially religious or non-religious freedom—is as interwoven with the life of the university, and as typical of it, as religious repression is in other States.

Let North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Florida, West Virginia, California, etc., start all the anti-evolution rumpus they see fit to, Virginia will stand fast; for well she knows that Thomas Jefferson still walks the streets of Charlottesville—yes, and Richmond!

Chicago, May 17 Hugh Russell Fraser

Peddling Discredited Stuff

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It was my first visit to Washington, D. C. I had spent a most delightful day enjoying the beauty of the city and its "genius loci," and then went to the Congressional Library. While admiring the collection of engravings there, I came across a series of etchings entitled "German Atrocities," showing, in the famous Raemakers style, those all too well-known scenes of killing babies, mutilating prisoners, etc. Thus that beautiful day was spoiled for me.

Returning to Pittsburgh I went to the Carnegie Library in my customary search for books. Here, as usual, I first had a look at the little table where "specially recommended books" are displayed. The very first book of the half-a-dozen I got hold of was a voluminous compilation of alleged war atrocities bearing the title "German Barbarities."

Pittsburgh, June 4 T. E.

Quality and Prices

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the issue of June 10 you make the following remark: "Higher prices for food and clothing can be, and have been, countered in part by reductions in amount and by changes in kind or quality."

It seems to me that, rather than offsetting the high prices, the changes you mention have had the effect of further increasing the actual (not the nominal) cost of food and clothing, etc. We all more or less realize that the actual increase in the cost of living is greater than indicated by the official percentages published (varying between 60 and 80); and the reason for this is the general reduction in quality.

You also bring out the fact that the increase in rents is higher than for other commodities, and that rents are inflexible. I think the same explanation applies here: on account of the decrease in the quality of materials and workmanship, the actual cost (to the landlord) is increased more than indicated by the official figures (which are based on quantity rather than on quality). This excess in actual cost is passed along to the tenants, who are making unfair comparisons between the increases in the prices of various commodities on a quantitative basis.

The idea that higher prices can be countered by changes in kind and quality is a fallacy, I think; in my personal experience the changes in kind and quality have made the situation worse than appears on the face.

Baltimore, June 15 R. Reimann

Contributors to This Issue

Howard K. Hollister is in Dayton covering the Scopes trial independently.

Silas Bent has been associate editor of the *Nation's Business*, and is now a staff writer on the New York *Times*.

Harry F. Ward, head of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, is returning from Russia through India, China, and Japan.

Frazier F. Peters has a farm at Westport, Connecticut.

Edward Sapir is a member of the staff of the Victoria Memorial Museum in Ottawa.

George M. Wrong is professor of history at the University of Toronto.

Woodbridge Riley, professor of philosophy at Vassar College, has made a special study of American religious history.

Ernst Feise is professor of German at Ohio State University.

Emery Neff is a member of the English department at Columbia University, and author of "Carlyle and Mill."

Joseph T. Shipley is a contributing editor of the *Guardian*, a new literary monthly published in Philadelphia.

Alice Beal Parsons has resigned her position with the *World Tomorrow* to devote her time to writing.

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Books and Plays

Lovers of Happiness

By EDWARD SAPIR

Though I have never seen her comb her hair
Nor caught her eyes deep-looking in my face,
At ending shall I have her in embrace,
This is my certainty and this I swear
When I hear her singing down the morning stair
And past my door; in passionate disgrace
I pray to her and whisper time and place
Of the first happiness and last despair.

Why are you waiting, lovers, by the shore?
Here is no nymph come singing from the floor.
And tell me, lovers, can you see her comb
Her hair? The weedy bottom is our home.
And can you dimly see two lovers lie?
We are entranced and looking eye to eye.

First Glance

"XLI POEMS," by E. E. Cummings (The Dial Press), continues in almost every phase the tradition which Mr. Cummings established for himself two years ago with "Tulips and Chimneys." No long poems are here, but there are Songs, Portraits, Chansons Innocentes, Sonnets, and, war-pieces; and always the same man is writing, with the same unquestionable power and the same unnecessary tricks. The tricks are unnecessary because without them the power would be quite as apparent as it is now, if not a little more so. Nothing could disguise the fact that the author of the following song is full of poetry:

cruelly, love
walk the autumn long;
the last flower in whose hair,
thy lips are cold with songs

for which is
first to wither, to pass?
shallowness of sunlight.
falls and, cruelly,
across the grass
Comes the
moon

love, walk the
autumn
love, for the last
flower in the hair withers;
thy hair is acold with
dreams,
love thou art frail.

Nothing, except a slightly more wayward typography—of the sort, for instance, that makes it impossible to care very much for what is being said on the first page of the volume, where we learn that the sky is colored with

spry
pinks shy
lemons
greens coo l choc
olate
s.

Essentially Mr. Cummings is an educated poet. For all his surface radicalism, for all his insistence that his mind is "a big hunk of irrevocable nothing" which performs "squirms of chrome" and executes "strides of cobalt," for all his warning to the timid reader that he will "utter lilac shrieks and scarlet bellowings," he is saturated with Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare—to name only three of the great poets to whom he obviously has gone to school. Why should he not disregard the timid reader, as they did in their different ways, and fill his pages still fuller of the interesting and beautiful work of which he is capable? He has a richly sensuous mind; his verse is distinguished by fluidity and weight; he is equipped to range lustily and long among the major passions. May not his future lie in the direction of his second sonnet, which is a hymn in the grand style—but his grand style—to love?

O Thou to whom the musical white spring

offers her lily inextinguishable,
taught by thy tremulous grace bravely to fling

Implacable death's mysteriously sable
robe from her redolent shoulders,
Thou from whose
feet reincarnate song suddenly leaping
flameflung, mounts, inimitably to lose
herself where the wet stars softly are keeping

their exquisite dreams—O Love! upon thy dim
shrine of intangible commemoration,
(from whose faint close as some grave languorous hymn

pledged to illimitable dissipation
unhurried clouds of incense fleetly roll)

i spill my bright incalculable soul.

MARK VAN DOREN

"Sam Slick"

Thomas Chandler Haliburton ("Sam Slick"). A Study in Provincial Toryism. By V. L. O. Chittick. Columbia University Press. $4.

THE historian who, like the author of this book, sets out to prove something is walking in a path of danger. All too easily will he fix his attention on what supports his opinion, and perhaps quite unconsciously ignore what does not. Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the author of the pungent and humorous philosophy of Sam Slick of Slickville, is said to have been described by Artemus Ward, a follower in the same school, as the "father of American humor." The insight and wit of Sam Slick have become proverbial. Mr. Chittick has gone to every conceivable source of information concerning the character of the creator and he has produced a book which for the thoroughness of its research and the excellence of its literary style deserves to rank high. It is, however, written for the avowed purpose of proving that Haliburton has been overpraised. Mercilessly the author draws up a long list of his defects. In politics he sometimes showed dishonesty and trickery, and his Toryism was so reactionary as to appear ludicrous even among Tories. He was a snob who in Nova Scotia kept up an absurd social exclusiveness and in England was a toady, greedy for honors. He had the effrontery to claim credit not his due. He spent "a lifetime of self-indulgence and convivial dissipation." In religion he yielded to bigotry. As a judge he was rather ignorant of law, and on the bench, misled by his sense of humor, he lacked dignity. In literature he was a plagiarist, and in his own work sometimes insincere, inconsistent, grandilo-

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quent, and morbidly emotional. In 1856 Haliburton removed to England and soon secured a seat in the House of Commons. There, as we should expect at his time of life, he won no distinction, but he was hardly the bore described here. The author, as a climax, doubts whether Artemus Ward ever said that Haliburton was the father of American humor, and he is so anxious to prove Haliburton a failure that, while he mentions one of his sons who gained no distinction, he does not mention another who became a British peer.

Though this ungrateful task has been carried out with great ability and thoroughness, one is tempted to ask whether the author has really lowered Haliburton's fame. Similar defects might be found in many persons of high renown. Readers of Sam Slick will inquire less as to the personality of his creator than as to the interest of his work. No doubt it is uneven. Probably Haliburton should never have written "The Attaché," which is a tedious book with its fundamental error in literary tact of promoting a Yankee peddler to a diplomatic post in London. The political writings of a colonial Tory, looking out on a narrow world, have now lost all value. Sam Slick is Haliburton's enduring creation. Let those who doubt the vitality of the book correct this impression by reading it again. Like Shakespeare, Haliburton used existing material, and like Shakespeare he gave it the vivifying touch. We may be grateful to Mr. Chittick for tracking Haliburton's ideas to their sources, but this book would not have been less enduring had it been without the itching desire to paint a portrait unlike the older ones. Haliburton's best work shows that he had acute insight and penetrating wit. He had also a rich variety created either by his own genius or by an eager pursuit of his materials.

The real value of this "Life" is not in its redrawing of Haliburton but in its account of the setting of Haliburton's life. The Nova Scotia where he lived was and is still a new New England. Only rarely did Haliburton visit the United States, yet he found qualities in the people about him which made him a real interpreter of Yankee character. Haliburton is not less but more creative because he could portray a Connecticut peddler and yet himself be a high Tory, trying in his mode of life to copy the style of the English country gentleman, scorning democracy, and pursuing rather snobbish friendships with persons of rank. This book furnishes illuminating glimpses of the outlook of the Loyalists from whom Haliburton was descended. There was strife between them and settlers from New England who had gone to Nova Scotia before the Revolution to occupy the lands of the departed Acadians. The better educated of the Loyalists formed an exclusive aristocracy. Gentility was their watchword and admission to the select circles of the little towns of Windsor and Annapolis was not easy. Haliburton was educated at King's College, Windsor, an exaggerated copy of what was to be found at Oxford. All matriculants had to sign the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, and they were forbidden to attend not only "the Romish mass" but also the "meeting-houses"—not, be it observed, the "churches"—of Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, or of "any other dissenters from the Church of England." This was not only aristocratic but heroic amid a population prevailingly non-Anglican. Clearly the Loyalists had the courage of their Tory convictions, but these so confined the influence of the college, the oldest post-revolutionary college of the British Empire, that today it has sunk to insignificance. For a long time, however, it trained the greater part of the Anglican clergy and the higher officials of Nova Scotia. The Loyalists were able to monopolize nearly all the public offices, which they accepted as more than due to their sacrifices. This spirit of dependence made some of them indolent and unenterprising. Nova Scotia had many "slackers," farmers too lazy even to manure their fields, traders who would not pay to secure tribute for their energy. Haliburton the Tory was not afraid to render his country the service of saying these things with biting wit, and perhaps one of the unconscious reasons of the present author's attack is his resentment as a Nova Scotian at the contempt for the colony which Haliburton promoted.

Mr. Chittick's book, in spite of its bias, will probably never be surpassed in the thoroughness of its method. A chapter is given to each of Haliburton's works. Two chapters, The Gen-u-ine Yankee and The Father of American Humor, have involved wide reading of authors others than Haliburton, and they throw doubt both on the accuracy of his picture of the Yankee and on the originality of his humor. Mr. Chittick's numerous split infinitives are readily forgiven, but it is not so easy to forgive "dependable" and "dependability," or, in a professor of literature, the statement that one publication "likely antedated" another. The final summing-up against Haliburton covers two pages without a full stop. Even then we are left in doubt as to whether the overpraise of Haliburton was really so mischievous as to justify a corrective so ponderous.

GEORGE M. WRONG

Religious Psychology and History

The New Psychology and the Preacher. By H. C. Miller. Thomas Seltzer. $2.

Religious Experience of John Humphrey Noyes, Founder of the Oneida Community. By G. W. Noyes. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The History of Religion in the United States. By H. K. Rowe. The Macmillan Company. $2.

MR. MILLER starts with the dubious statement that "in every one of us there are two distinct egos. The first is the ego we wish to believe we are, and is called the Ideal Ego; the second is the ego we really are, and is called the Real Ego." This is poor philosophy, hardly held since the days of Fichte and then with dubious success. As for the author's theology, it harks back to the analogy-loving souls of the age of symbolism. So when the double interpretation of Scripture is put in terms of Freud the result is grotesque. The legend of Lot's wife being turned into a pillar of salt is said to teach us that her "retrospective orientation resulted in crystallization."

With this equipment the writer takes up such tremendous topics as the Unconscious Motive and Its Place in Life, Determinism and Free Will, the Evolution of Religion and the Religion of Evolution; and adds that the challenge of the new psychology cannot be ignored. The reader will hardly accept the challenge, for the way psychoanalysis is used is fantastic beyond measure. Mr. Miller is evidently not satisfied with the more or less current coinage of Oedipus complex, Narcissus complex, and the like—phrases which have at least the advantage of classical reference. This Scotch medical man prefers local references. So in explaining the analogies of human relationships he propounds the "Peter Pan motif." But worse is yet to come. The "Dear Brutus motif" signifies protection and rationalization, with the lesson that nobility never matures in fantasy if it does not flourish in reality.

We wish that some competent psychoanalyst could apply his principles to "The Religious Experience of John Humphrey Noyes." The early life of the notorious founder of the Oneida Community is here presented in a strangely objective way by an editor who is evidently one of the family. In the bald presentation of repellent facts the book gives much the same impression as was given by the astonishing book of Daniel Drew, the old Erie Railroad financier, who invented the famous phrase about "watering stock." In the Noyes documents there is no attempt to hide family skeletons. The youthful religionist suffered from morbid fears of his sinfulness, but in his reaction from the Calvinistic doctrine of total depravity he went to the other extreme—belief in perfectionism or abso-

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lute sinlessness. This ultimately became a convenient excuse for those who like Noyes were actually described as subject to the *libido corporis*. Having, then, declared himself saved from sin, the perfectionist soon found his "old conscience gone." But in spite of his conviction of having attained "full redemption of soul and body," he soon suffered from loss of appetite and loss of sleep, and feared he would die by "immediate dissolution." He was also afflicted with universal doubt, was plagued with the delusion that he was the Devil, and took to ardent spirits, with the result that his own sister described him as certainly deranged and the public called him "Crazy John Noyes."

Noyes and his followers now declared themselves "free from law." They claimed a kind of moral moratorium and sought to institute a "reconstructed society" free from ordinary restraints. This "Bible communism," as in the case of the Mormons, ended in sex scandals, and, as in the case of the Anabaptists and Doukhobors, the "insufficient clothing dream" became a reality. The polite name for all this is antinomianism, and this, as the editor explains, took different forms according to the temperamental susceptibility of its subjects. In those inclined to sensuality it assumed the form of lasciviousness, and what Noyes himself says under this specific heading is most curious. He refers to the goings-on among a "group of handsome and brilliant young women" at Brimfield, and speaks of the revival of "bundling," that ancient custom being a cause of which the scarlet letter was an effect. Noyes at first did not indulge in this "gospel liberty." But later, in the Oneida Community, the "demonstration of the spirit over the flesh" was expounded by him in an exceedingly rare pamphlet, a treatise of such a character that the editor, if he ever completes his projected second volume, will not be able to pass it through the mails. The pamphlet expounds "complex marriage"—which was simply the Oneida Community leader's claim for the *jus primae noctis*.

In marked contrast to this study of a narrow, morbid, and unhealthy religious fanatic, Mr. Rowe's "History" is written with much spirit and contains some fine generalizations. The first chapter is especially dramatic. It presents as the two motives of our religious history the conflicting factors of authority and dissent. Under the former comes Puritanism, which was not so much an institution as an attitude. As an instrument of government it proved a failure both in England and America. As a moral censorship it was too stern and provoked an unwholesome reaction. As an interpretation of religion it was too narrowly theological, and too out of sympathy with an abounding life.

This principle of "overhead authority" had as its counterpart the principle of dissent. This in turn explains the three phases of emancipation, namely, the splitting off of the various sects, the substitution of formal worship by the emotional evangelicalism of Wesley and Whitefield, and the emancipation from the traditional views of a Protestant orthodoxy. These conflicting motifs of what might be called consent and dissent run through the whole drama of the American mind. The former explains the conservatism of the prosperous classes; Puritanism was especially the religion of the people who were making money by trade and whose children were to become capitalists. Dissent, on the other hand, involves a certain economic loss to the country. Duplication of work by the denominations runs through our entire history, and until the rise of the Federal Council of Churches no successful attempt was made to pool the conflicting interests. Here, it might be remarked, the Protestant churches learned too late the lesson of big business. Forced by an analogous cutthroat competition, they saw that trusts bring efficiency. But the Federal Council was only a paper trust, an affair of card catalogues and expensive secretaries. Further, denominationalism, says Mr. Rowe, resembles nationalism; and he might have added that the reluctance to accept overhead authority hampered a league of churches just as it hampers a League of Nations.

Meanwhile, one church has come to the fore because of its unity and solidarity. The author points out that the church of Rome suffers from certain drawbacks, that its genius is European not American, that it has had its internal bickerings because Irish-Americans, German-Americans, and Italian-Americans breathed the new air of freedom. But Mr. Rowe does not sufficiently stress the principle of authority and unquestioning obedience which has overcome "Americanism" *in partibus infidelium*. The Ku Klux Klan has had a sort of animal instinct against this form of foreign control, and, like the old Know Nothing Party and the American Protective Association, it can appeal to the principles of Yankee independence. But the Klan in turn suffers from a false historical perspective. Conventional opinions as to the virtues of our ancestors have magnified with time and warped the judgment of those brought up on goody-goody schoolbooks. Even Mr. Rowe is unconsciously affected with this blind spot. He makes too little of the effects of early freethinking. He points to the skeptical influences of France and of such a patriot as Thomas Paine upon "even some of the statesmen of the country," but he fails to show how profound those influences were. Franklin was privately a polytheist; Jefferson inveighed against "the pious young monks of Harvard and Yale"; and even the Father of his Country was suspected of deism and, like the first gentleman of the land that he was, declined to give any intimation of his religious beliefs.

Another dubious generalization of Mr. Rowe's is that war is never productive of spiritual fervor. This hardly jibes with the fact that the World War has given a new lease of life to the churches, if one is to believe the American church statistics since 1918 and if one remembers the parallel growth of clericalism in France and Italy. There is also the outburst of fundamentalism—a topic not mentioned here by name, though it is suggested by some remarks on the conflict of science and theology. This theme might have been expanded with profit, for it is a curious fact that where Puritanism flourished science languished, as appears from the contrast between the Boston of runaway Franklin and the Virginia of anti-clerical Jefferson. But such faults of omission are of slight importance compared with the great mass of well-digested material furnished by this interesting volume.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY

From the German Past

Die Kulturwerte der deutschen Literatur in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung. Band II: *Von der Reformation bis zur Aufklärung.* Von Kuno Francke. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung.

THIS book bears the stamp of the spiritual sufferings and consolations of a man and a scholar. It is no mere accident that from Professor Francke's pen comes simultaneously a booklet of verse testifying to his larger life during the last decade:

> Now are we all, we, friends and foes alike,
> Thrown into deep abyss of common fate:
> Now let us seek together our dead love,
> Now grope together our way back to life.

Thus speaks a man who for more than thirty years has interpreted the higher spiritual achievements of Germany to the youth of America, who with loving care has collected in the Germanic Museum at Cambridge the treasures of German art, who has steeped himself in the cultures of these two peoples, ever alive to the question, What may and must they mean to each other? During the war, when he was attacked on both sides, the work of a lifetime seemed on the point of crumbling. The ensuing economic enslavement of his native land, with whose best achievements he had identified himself as a mystic with his God, filled him with despair. But out of all this senseless chaos and misery his high and valiant idealism bade him seek to extract meaning. For an analogy he returned to the German

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past, and from his researches there the second volume of the "'Kulturwerte" was born.

Two figures tower at the beginning and end of the book: Erasmus and Luther. They are separated by almost three centuries of suffering and humiliation in a nation which is overwhelmed through economic collapse, harassed and impoverished by religious wars. But in spite of such distressing conditions "Lessing's consciousness of the moral responsibility of the individual is, considered historically, the result of the whole movement of German culture, which, ushered in by Luther, had even during the collapse of political institutions, during stagnation and social decline, gained a new impulse and found a higher goal in the self-determination and self-elevation of the individual."

To prove his thesis Professor Francke drives new shafts into the barren lode of these literary strata, and he finds in them hidden veins of undaunted manliness, of sturdy virtue, of genuine "Volksbewusstsein," and of productive idealism, with the result that he can interestingly revaluate such figures as Sebastian Franck, Johann Rist, Haller, and others. Two ideas are at work in the best men of the time: the belief in human reason as a regulative force of life, and a mystic vision of this universe wherein there is so much apparent chaos and suffering. The happier period when Germany's leaders were to become the teachers of a nation and of the world is to be the subject of Professor Francke's third volume. It is hoped that this task may be completed in sunny and peaceful years.

ERNST FEISE

The Importance of Being Earnest

Carlyle Till Marriage (1795-1826). By David Alec Wilson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.

Carlyle to the "French Revolution" (1826-1837). By David Alec Wilson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.

THE time is propitious for a fair portrait of the most representative of the Victorians. We are far enough away to be just, and close enough to be sympathetic. A rare union of justice and sympathy distinguishes Mr. Wilson's biography. A Scotchman grown almost to manhood in Carlyle's lifetime, and acquainted with a host of his friends and kinsfolk, Mr. Wilson presents the theological and political prejudices from which Carlyle revolted with an understanding that will become increasingly difficult as we withdraw from the atmosphere of his age. He is in sympathy with the pacifism, the collectivism, and the pantheism of the youthful Carlyle, and with his ethics even to their basis in outworn conceptions of "conscience" and "laws of Nature," yet is sufficiently detached to be fair to John Stuart Mill and others who opposed his favorite doctrines, and sufficiently of the present moment to use psychoanalytical methods of interpretation. It is only to be regretted that he has accepted the conventional judgment of Bentham, and has not treated the economic situation and doctrines of the time with enough thoroughness and understanding. Unfortunately, Mr. Wilson has not been so happy in his selection and arrangement of materials. His sentences are often clumsy, and the short, discreet chapters prevent a flow of narrative. Almost a third of the eight hundred and fifty pages is given over to matters of little significance, while colorful passages are omitted lest they "pain the pious." Of new materials, the most interesting are letters from Francis Jeffrey and Gustave d'Eichthal, the Saint-Simonian, which throw important light on the genesis of "Sartor Resartus." Mr. Wilson's work, which will extend to five volumes, will nevertheless supersede the prejudiced and inaccurate Froude. It may also remain indefinitely the standard life, for it is doubtful if many important facts have escaped the diligence of Mr. Wilson's thirty years' research. Henceforth scholars will find much less profit in seeking new biographical data than in interpreting those we have in the light of Carlyle's times, whose history, as Mr. Lytton Strachey has remarked, will never be written because we know too much about it.

The two volumes which have been published take us through the storm and stress of Carlyle's apprenticeship to his fame at forty-two. They reveal a much more human figure than the prophet of the hero-worshipers or the morose prig of the iconoclasts; a naive and dreadfully earnest rustic, whose tactlessness and too apparent consciousness of superior talents impede advance in the great world. He feels, but conquers, the temptation to advance toward a rich pulpit after he has ceased to believe Christianity. His "conversion," so dramatically described in "Sartor Resartus," comes but gradually with relief from poverty, ill-health, and the pains of courtship. For Jane Welsh, a clever village coquette, holds him dangling until she despairs of richer suitors, and keeps him properly grateful during their married life by allusions to the good matches she has sacrificed for him. He yearns for leisure to write a masterpiece; then discovers, when he has the leisure, that he has nothing to say. Obliged to be a journalist, he finds the necessity of courting editors and sparing the public unpalatable truths too great a price to pay for a comfortable livelihood. But his path is smoothed by a wise patron, Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, who teaches him tolerance and urbanity; and his angularities are softened by his own puritanic zeal for self-correction. This self-corrective zeal leads him to overpraise humility, renunciation (the famous *Entsagen*), silence, and lack of self-consciousness, the virtues he finds hardest to practice. In an era when most men of intelligence know that church and state rest on illusions, but find it comfortable to "humbug the people because they like it," his blunt sincerity becomes mistaken for originality. Though Jeffrey is shocked by his exposure of the intellectual nakedness of fashionable poets like Tom Moore and Felicia Hemans, and of the waste and injustice of the sacred system of private property and free competition, persistence in this course of puncturing shams makes Carlyle the most influential man of letters of his age.

As such he will be perennially interesting to the historian, but now that his social gospel has been refined upon by subtler minds and his prophetic jargon become wearisome, the general reader will find the more lasting qualities of his work in its Brobdingnagian humor, vivid historical re-creations, purple patches of inimitable stylistic beauty, and marvelous pen portraits. Especially the pen portraits, which are unexcelled in the language. Witness one of the less known, that of the poet-banker Samuel Rogers: "a half-frozen sardonic Whig-Gentleman: no hair at all, but one of the whitest bare scalps, blue eyes, shrewd, sad and cruel; toothless horse-shoe mouth drawn up to the very nose: slow-croaking, sarcastic insight, perfect breeding"; which reveals the *ancien régime* in a lightning flash. We will continue to read Carlyle, not as philosophy to instruct, but as poetry to animate.

EMERY NEFF

Cave of the Winds

James Joyce—His First Forty Years. By Herbert S. Gorman. B. W. Huebsch. $2.

IT is time that controversy over "Ulysses" ended and criticism began. From the cohorts of Shane Leslie, who angrily condemned yet grudgingly allowed credit, or of Arnold Bennett, who mingled the extremes of praise and blame, and from the rival camp of T. S. Eliot, hailing the new prophet, shouts and answering volleys reascended. Unfortunately, despite his first sentence—"It should be explained immediately that this book is more expositional than critical"—Mr. Gorman stands distinctly with the adulators. "It is difficult to look back across this day without amazement at the marvelous ingenuity and assiduous realism of the author. . . . Rabelais is pale beside it and is due to grow much paler before the drunken evening has played its course. The 'Satyricon' is the work of a child (an obscene child) placed beside it."

One may wonder to what extent a similar glorification extends to the earlier writings of Joyce. It seems safe to say,

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as of the Shakespeare of Lucrece and of Adonis, that the early Joyce will be remembered because of his later accomplishment. "A Portrait of the Artist" marks the discovery, "Ulysses" the first exploration, of the new world of the twentieth-century novel. Mr. Gorman shows the ties between the new continent and the old; he traces the growth of the novel from the loose form of Samuel Richardson through Thackeray to the more disciplined form of the French, from which spring the experiments of Dorothy Richardson and Proust and the "novel-epic" of Joyce. Curiously, Mr. Gorman calls Joyce a realist; this must be because he mistakes for a "new art form beyond the novel" what is in reality a new method within the quite inclusive novel-form. Mr. Gorman has stated the new intention: "the almost impossible task of coordinating the unconscious, of noting the reactions of the essential mind to the entire cosmos"; and since this is but the definition of "psychosis," we may venture to call the new method "psychosism." Joyce's journey with a human soul through the actual incidents of that Dublin day follows the method of psychosism.

In Mr. Gorman's desire to praise he twice falsely accuses his author. He calls a passage difficult, "but a sharp reader will note a slight hint of Mr. Kernan's activities." What reader so dull that he will not notice the separately paragraphed sentence: "Mr. Kernan, pleased with the order he had booked, walked boldly along James's Street?" The "difficulties" of Joyce are also exaggerations. Again, Mr. Gorman tells us on two occasions that Joyce has given a complete picture of Dublin; then he reverses himself and criticizes the novelist because the picture is really but a partial one. For the interior monologue Joyce has already indicated his French source. In the use of parody he has not troubled to match manner and mood; in pure word delight he breathes the dust of Gertrude Stein; in fore-echoing (fragments chosen from a chapter and placed in free-verse arrangement at its head) he has not achieved a mosaic or a thematic treatment such as an operatic prelude sustains; his use of what Mr. Gorman calls the "examination paper" device is delightfully suggestive. Indeed, one of the chief glories of the book is that, far from being a brilliant tour de force, a tremendous pose at the end of a blind alley, it opens many widening roads on any of which novelists may journey through fertile land. To those who have not read "Ulysses" Mr. Gorman will bring the desire; to those who have he offers the stimulation of frequent dissent.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

The Saint and Love

The Golden Door. By Evelyn Scott. Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

MAN'S craving for suffering, though a very little of it goes a long way in actual practice, is only less deep-seated and primal than his craving for love. Hence the persistence in the world of the sacrificial elements of religion, and of that morbid overdevelopment of the enjoyment of suffering which is probably the distinguishing characteristic of the saint, and which so complicates the saint's experience of love. The universality of this craving for suffering makes it possible, and inevitable at one time or another, for every race to produce its Dostoevsky. And so one should dismiss in advance the criticism certain to be made that in this story of a modern saint Evelyn Scott is fallaciously trying to engraft Russian torture and terror and mysticism on to our wholesome Anglo-Saxon stock.

Yet, though her book appears to be a minutely exact story of three individuals' reactions to a situation interesting in itself and having the salable quality of being produced by the most up-to-the-minute modern stimuli and ideas—so realistically embodied that many New Yorkers will flatter themselves, falsely, that they know the hero; though it appears to be as minutely accurate a portrayal of certain of the soul's shadows as a Whistler etching is a minutely accurate portrayal of certain London waterside shadows; undeniably it produces mental colic in the reader. Are we then too finicky for truth? Or is the rendering, brilliant and suggestive as it is, less accurate than it intends to be?

Possibly certain characteristics of Mrs. Scott's style will give a clue. "The cedars, swaying in the dead afternoon light, were *like dark green fires* above her head. The grass blades, in *moist thin flames* beneath them, pierced the loose black earth." Admitting, if we can, both figures as expressing the reactions of an excited, unhappy imagination, we still find equally distorted metaphors occurring to all the other characters, and in impersonal narration. "With a roar of darkness the night rushed down from the sky." Not a tropic night, but a rainy evening in Massachusetts, when the coming of darkness would presumably be cloaked by clouds or fog. "The rustle of surf," a sound probably familiar to every reader, is compared to "a noise like boiling paper," a sound which probably not half-a-dozen readers have ever heard. "Paul was as if stabbed by her voice, which fell toward him as from a ray of starlight." "The black greasy engine, in its volcanic direction, bore down upon the diminutive people waiting on the vibrating platform. The booming sides of the engine seemed inflated. The iron breathed. The smoke, thinned with light for an instant, poured above it turgidly. When the smoke appeared, as if miraculously, above the stack, it seemed mixed with milk."

Here, as the mental furniture often of the same person, are commonplace literary exaggerations, alternating curiously with distorted images and the final precise description of the smoke. There is little connection between this and the style of Blake, that "literalist of the imagination," from whom, significantly, Mrs. Scott has quoted on the title page. Blake translates what he has seen and the reader has not seen into a recognizable image; Evelyn Scott creates unrecognizable images. This perverse manner is more than matched by the distortion of intellect involved in viewing the pains and ecstasies of youthful love through the medium of disillusioned sophistication, it being one thing to introduce a middle-aged cynic, in the manner of dramatists from Shakespeare down, as a commentator on youth's ardors, and quite another thing to deny the validity of the lovers' emotions by giving them to us only as they filter through the cynic's mind.

It is the more to be regretted that Mrs. Scott's very considerable talent should thus have run amuck, because she has rested the chief claim of her book on the value of its observations and on the vigor with which she has expressed them. There is in it, just as there is in any chance encounter between two individuals, in any adventure of any soul, enough material to keep many artists busy many lifetimes. But apparently she has not turned her attention to that primary concern of the artist which marks him off from the innumerable observers of human conduct, the invention of a form through which to embody his emotion or his observation, his ecstasy or his despair.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Books in Brief

The Lives and Works of the Uneducated Poets. By Robert Southey. Edited by J. S. Childers. Oxford University Press. $1.20.

This new volume in the exquisite "Oxford Miscellany" preserves the essay which Southey wrote in 1831 as a preface to the poems of John Jones, a butler who had appealed to him as poet laureate for assistance in publication.

The Common Reader. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Mrs. Woolf here collects her brilliant and fluent essays on Chaucer, the Pastons, Jane Austen, Montaigne, Addison, Defoe, George Eliot, and others. It is the criticism of a woman, and it is valuable criticism.

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The Laxdæla Saga. Translated from the Icelandic, with an introduction by Thorstein Veblen. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $2.50.

An economist presents one of the finest of the sagas for what it is worth as a document in social history.

Edmund Spenser. An Essay on Renaissance Poetry. By W. L. Renwick. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.75.

Criticism of Spenser has latterly been dull beyond endurance. Mr. Renwick breaks the spell with a learned but unpedantic discourse upon the ideas and the art—conceived in their simplest terms—of this most serious great poet.

Luis de Leon. A Study of the Spanish Renaissance. By Aubrey F. G. Bell. Oxford University Press. $10.

For its learning and its understanding this volume must remain the authoritative account in English of the great mystic, poet, and professor of Salamanca.

A Fool i' the Forest: A Phantasmagoria. By Richard Aldington. The Dial Press.

The Pot of Earth. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

Two philosophical poems which are more interesting for the tendency they reflect than for their actual accomplishment. Mr. Aldington's effort is rendered practically negligible through the fact that "The Waste Land" preceded it and was better; Mr. MacLeish, writing with greater passion, produces an impressive hymn on love and birth and death.

Sung to Shahryar. Poems from The Book of the Thousand and One Nights. By E. Powys Mathers. Albert and Charles Boni. $1.75.

A welcome selection, the work of an experienced translator of Oriental verse.

Drama

Two Revues

I HAVE always felt that the typical American musical comedy or revue was damned by its refinement and only partially redeemed by the lavish expenditure of effort and money. When you have extracted from this type of entertainment the rowdiness of the burlesque show and the impudence of the café chantant you have nothing left except color, movement, and flesh—excellent things in themselves but cloying before the end of an evening. And the result, however lavish the production, is always a little insipid. Our satire is too timid to count, and without suggesting that the American managers follow the French tradition which makes the President of the Republic the hero of every risqué story, one often wishes that they were not so respectful as to earn for themselves that double-edged compliment which Chamfort paid one of his contemporaries when he remarked: "His satires show the goodness of his heart."

It is for this reason that I welcome with particular delight the Theater Guild's "Garrick Gaieties" (Garrick Theater) and the "Grand Street Follies" (Neighborhood Playhouse). Not since Mr. Cohan abandoned his revues have we had such successful attempts to base a summer entertainment upon wit rather than money; and both show a highly commendable effort to put teeth into satire. Mr. Bryan has been so long a butt that the scene in the "Garrick Gaieties" where he comes to the jungle to prosecute, in behalf of the monkeys, one of their number who has offended simian delicacy by the theory that they are all related to the human species is not particularly daring; but the scene in the same review where Mr. Coolidge, just returned at 11:10 from a very late party, discusses public affairs with his wife is as intimately and disrespectfully personal as a revue should be. To my mind, the youth, gaiety, and impudence of the entertainments under discussion more than make up for their relative deficiency in smoothness, splendor, and expenditure.

In both, the burlesques of the season's dramatic successes are pointed and amusing. At the Garrick, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Richard Bennett, and Pauline Lord are ludicrously caricatured; at the Neighborhood, a play variously called "Lust Under the Locusts" and "They Knew What they Wanted Under the Elms" shows the Firebrand arriving in the nick of time to substitute at the rendezvous which various famous characters have made with Cleopatra, Amy, Carla (Lenore Ulrich), and Abbie at the four-room road-house under the elms; but perhaps the most amusing of all is the skit "What Price Morning Glories" in the same revue, which presents a version of the Anderson-Stallings play as revised by John Golden and passed by the play jury. Charmaine, keeper of a soft drink bar, is revealed watering the morning glories and beseeching them to bloom before the arrival of the soldiers upon whom they have so refining an effect. Captain Flag and the sergeant, both painfully honorable suitors, arrive and under the influence of repeated nut sundaes unloose their flowery vocabularies. "Chrysanthemum, but it's hot," says the Captain; "Go to Heliotrope," replies the sergeant; and gradually every flower the garden wears betrays a sound startlingly suggestive of some violent expletive until the sergeant, forgetting himself completely, hurls at his superior officer the final insult: "You son of a bachelor's button, you." Still, American soldiers never completely forget themselves, and so, after settling their rivalry for the hand of Charmaine by counting out an eeny, meeny, miny, moe, they depart joyously for another week of the delightful and refining sport of war. Special mention should also be made of the dancing of June Cochrane in the "Gaieties" and of the work of that extraordinary mimic, Albert Carroll, who presents in the "Follies" a whole gallery of imitations ranging all the way from Toto, the clown, to Pavlova dancing "The Swan."

"Kosher Kitty Kelly" (Times Square Theater) is a comedy with songs which is everything the title suggests. Mrs. Al Smith calls it "ten times funnier than 'Abie's Irish Rose'."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATER

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Matinees, Saturday, 2:30 sharp
THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE 466 GRAND ST.
The Grand Street Follies of 1925
Orchestra $2 Balcony $1.50

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents
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A new Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings
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BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK
Intelligently Directed by James Cruze
CRITERION B'way & 44th 2:40 TWICE DAILY 8:40 A Paramount Picture

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International Relations Section

The French War in Morocco

THE war in Morocco continues; exaggerated rumors report large French losses, and all reports agree that the struggle between the French and Abdel Krim, leader of the Riffians, who last year decisively defeated the Spaniards, is likely to be long and arduous. Throughout France the Communists are conducting an aggressive campaign against the war; some Socialists support them, but the parliamentary party has been unable to make up its mind what to do. Some have abstained from voting. Painlevé, who entered office as a Left premier, has been receiving votes of confidence in which the Right unanimously supported him, while his own Left was divided. A new parliamentary line-up has seemed possible.

The first general debates upon Moroccan policy occurred in the French Chamber on May 27, 28, and 29. Extracts from the reports of these debates in the Paris *Temps* will reveal the position of the Government, the outspoken opposition of the Communists, and the hesitation of the Socialists. A letter written by the cabinet chief of Marshal Lyautey, French governor-general of Morocco, to the marshal's nephew in Paris, also throws light upon the situation. This letter, written on May 25, 1925, came somehow into the hands of M. Doriot, a Communist deputy, and was read by him in the Chamber on June 9. In it the officer tells how he arranges that the proper kind of dispatches appear in the Paris press, admits that Marshal Lyautey seized a moment when Abdel Krim was busy with the Spanish to advance his lines, and suggests a prospect of eternal war:

THE LETTER

My dear friend: I have just received your interesting letters of the 19th and 22nd. First, let it be well understood that similar letters coming from you to me are always infinitely precious and that it is not necessary for you to excuse yourself for writing to me. You understand that for the "Parisian front" I try to unite my means of action and in the interest of coherence and efficiency to get them to work together. And you, the nephew, so well placed by your position and by your contacts, are, I assure you, one of the master-pieces in my action. It is thus that I have always considered you—today more than ever.

This understood, do not forget that you have, at Paris, excellent sources of information both for details and for synthesis—Nacivet and Séguy on the one hand, Colonel Vincent on the other.

From the beginning of hostilities, I have made it a principle to hold all the documents at your disposition. For the last fifteen or twenty days, I have been addressing to some of our agents a certain number of joint letters which I believe very explicit and complete, in which I reply in advance to the questions that you have put to me. Vincent knows everything. His remarkable article in the *Illustration* of May 16 proves that to the hilt. I know very well that all of them have their faults. But I am obliged to do the best I can; after all, they have their qualities.

And this is my excuse for not having written to you, for I sincerely believed that all I had written to Séguy and to Nacivet was given you, and that you saw them almost daily. Inasmuch as their role now makes them the source of all information, establish an intimate liaison with them and get them to show you my papers.

As to the journalists, a good handful of whom are now at Fez, I believe that they are well oriented and that their dispatches will be of a nature to dissipate certain mistakes and rumors.

I reply to your questions:

Criticism of the surprise, which falls into three sections: (a) We were not informed; (b) We made a mistake in establishing a chain of small posts which were quickly encircled and which we had to disengage; (c) We made a mistake in moving in May, 1924, north of the Werga.

Reply: The marshal was so well informed and had looked ahead so well that as early as January, 1924 (see his reports to the Government) he had perceived: (a) That Abdel Krim in view of the Spanish bankruptcy (evacuation and entente) would attack; (b) That his attack would be sudden, sharp (lesson of events in the Spanish zone); (c) That he would attack by means of propaganda and terror among the subject tribes.

That is why, in May, 1924, when Abdel Krim, too occupied with the Spanish, was unable to reply, he sought to form, to the north of Fez, the vital point and probable aim of the invasion, a strategic front better than that offered us by the south bank of the Werga. Since May, 1924, that front has been reinforced, fortified, and connected with the rear by a system of roads, bridges, and railroads. . . .

As to the political principle—as you say, have a little patience, hang it! The whole question is one of knowing what the adversary will do inasmuch as we are unable to go to him.

Either he will negotiate. But what will that be worth for the future?

Or he will continue to attack us, at one time at one point, and another time at another. That means perpetual war;

Or we will be enabled to enter his country, in agreement with the other Powers—and that is a very great affair.

Do not ask the marshal to do like Primo de Rivera, announce what he intends to do, which cost him dearly as you know. . . .

One thing is sure: The marshal is completely, effectively, and materially in accord with the Government, and the Government is doing all that should be done. To sustain him is the duty of all good Frenchmen who do not forget that what is at stake is the future of Morocco, that is to say, our Mediterranean future; and Algeria and Tunis as well.

As to personalities: With Herriot and Boncour the liaison is assured. Blum [the Socialist leader], as you say, is in touch with Berthelot [a high Foreign Office official], and that liaison can only become stronger. I shall say no more today.

An article in the *Dépêche de Toulouse* would be excellent. You have the materials for it in this letter and in Vincent's article (*Illustration* of May 16) and in a confidential hour with Séguy or Vincent. Take care of Romier, Bainville, and Simond [editors of Paris papers] with this material. Let these gentlemen set an example for the rabble. This is no time for chatter; it is a time to be silent and hold firm. Their effort should be to take the Riffian question out of the domain of politics in order to make it a national question.

Keep me in touch with events. In all affection,

VATIN-PERIGNON

On May 27 Pierre Renaudel defined the Socialist position:

M. RENAUDEL. We ought to know whether the occupation of the Werga in 1924 was in accordance with the instructions of the Government then in office, and inquire whether the responsible party foresaw the consequences of his act. . . . My friends and I are not defeatists; we do not ask that Morocco be evacuated; but we do not want a war for prestige, in which the best of the country will go down. We want the truth about Morocco. . . .

On what conditions should peace be sought? The *Temps* recently said that it could be sought only in the Riff. . . . For

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the Socialists the most significant point is the interpretation of our "security." They want security. They would not permit the soldiers who have been surrounded down there, or the tribes which have remained loyal to us, to reproach France with having abandoned them. (Applause.) But the military forces find it easy to postpone the moment of peace in order to seek more and more guaranties; and the time for negotiations may pass. Just as we should be careful to avoid the possibility of war so we should be bold to seize the possibilities of peace. (Applause at the Extreme Left.) The Socialists want to hear the Government say that France feels herself so strong that she does not fear to offer peace to a petty tribal chief, even if he has won a little victory. (Applause at the Extreme Left.) . . . The tribes of Morocco should come to see in France not a conquering nation but a people which comes to them with the assurance of better living conditions. . . .

THE COMMUNIST POSITION

Two Communist deputies, Doriot and Berthon, then pitched into Marshal Lyautey. They accused the Government of having negotiated with Abdel Krim when he was fighting the Spaniards, and of having let opportunities for friendly negotiations slip. These charges the Government denied in behalf of Marshal Lyautey. M. Doriot charged Lyautey with starving the Riffians by occupying the Werga valley, "their granary." He charged also that capitalist interests were involved; then enlarged his attack, provoking the wrath of M. Herriot, the presiding officer, and of the rest of the Chamber:

M. DORIOT. All Islam is with Abdel Krim. In seeking to strengthen your prestige in a tiny corner of Morocco you have revealed your true position as oppressor of twenty million Moslems. (Protests at the Right, Center, and Left.)

THE PRESIDING OFFICER [M. Herriot]. The Chamber cannot tolerate this language. To show oneself always anti-French is no evidence of internationalism. (Lively applause on many benches. Interruptions on the Communist Left.) While I stand here France shall not be insulted.

M. DORIOT. Tomorrow the Moslems of the entire world will know that the war against the Riff is France's merciless war against all the colonial peoples. (Laughter and protests on many benches.) Some day, thanks to the example of the Riff, they will rise against France!

NUMEROUS VOICES ON THE RIGHT. Out with him! (Exclamations from the Communist benches. Uproar.)

M. THOMSON. The attitude of the natives of North Africa during the war is the best answer to M. Doriot's abominable words. (Hearty applause.)

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. When our soldiers are fighting for the rights of France (applause) upon the soil of Morocco, a country confided to us by international treaties (applause), we cannot let words be spoken which, in the countries praised by the speaker, would be most bitterly punished. (Applause.) The Chamber will meet these provocations with calm. There are insults which deserve no reply but contempt. (Lively applause on many benches. Interruptions from the Extreme Left.)

VARIOUS VOICES. Censor him!

M. DORIOT. The colonial soldiers who fought for France during the war fought for a cause which was not their own. . . . The soldiers now fighting in Morocco feel themselves closer to the natives whom they are fighting than to the men who are sending them to butchery. (Applause upon the Communist benches. Lively interruptions.)

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. I call you to order. You have no right to speak for the soldiers.

M. DORIOT. I will read you a letter from one of the soldiers down there. [The *Temps* does not print the text of this letter] . . . Tomorrow these soldiers, learning that the workers and peasants are for immediate peace and that the French Government refuses to take the least step toward it, will cease to feel themselves bound to you. They will look for ways to stop the war. They will remember the marines of the Black Sea [who mutinied in 1919, when asked to attack the soviets].

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. I have listened to the speaker carefully, seeking to reconcile the freedom of the tribune with the interests of the country. Hitherto, while M. Doriot had expressed violent opinions, they were only opinions. I merely protested against them. For the first time M. Doriot has, in covered but hardly equivocal terms, incited those of our soldiers who would follow his counsel to betray their duty. It is no longer a question of freedom of the tribune. When down there, out of sight, brave fellows—workers, yes! and peasants, yes!—are doing their duty in the name of France, it is our duty to support them, to do whatever is needed to protect them from such abominable words. (Lively applause on all benches. Exclamations at the Extreme Left.) The appeal to action demands action. (Renewed applause.) I therefore invite M. Doriot to withdraw his words, or to explain them if they are not as I understood them; otherwise I shall with the consent of the Chamber apply the censorship.

M. DORIOT. My meaning was sufficiently clear. I said that tomorrow when they learn on the front that there are at home workers who, like themselves, want peace with the Riffians, that peace can be made, and that the Government refuses to make it, they will look for ways to end the war; they will remember that in other circumstances the marines of the Black Sea refused to fire upon the revolutionary workers of Russia, that the soldiers of the Ruhr fraternized with the Germans. . . .

M. FRANCOIS. It is not true. (Uproar.)

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. An Assembly which is about to judge must remain calm.

M. DORIOT. . . . that the soldiers of the Ruhr fraternized with the German workers; that the Spanish soldiers were not afraid to talk with the Riffians; and they will stretch out their hands in brotherhood to those whom you call enemies, and will force peace upon you. That is my conviction. (Applause at the Extreme Left. Protests from various benches. Uproar.)

The censorship was thereupon applied to M. Doriot, whose friends protested so vigorously that the session was suspended. When it was resumed on May 28 M. Maginot, Minister of War in the Poincaré Government, accepted responsibility for the instructions given Marshal Lyautey in May, 1924, at his request, to advance his troops into the territory on the north bank of the Werga theretofore dominated by the Riffians. The Prime Minister, M. Painlevé, then rose to defend the policy of the Government. He insisted that after the advance the French were still within their treaty frontiers, and that they were conducting what was, strictly speaking, a war of defense.

M. PAINLEVE. . . . Between the Werga and Fez [the capital of Morocco] there is no natural obstacle; there is only the force of France. . . . And if there are Frenchmen who hesitate at the consequences of such a policy I wish that they would examine with me the consequences of abdication. That would mean not merely to abandon Fez; it would mean the abandonment of all Morocco, of all Algeria, of all trans-Mediterranean France, of all the Africa which has been plowed and furrowed by the daring of French civilization. If there are men here ready to subscribe to such a desertion, so much the worse for them. (Lively applause on the Left, Center, and Right. Interruptions on the Extreme Left.)

An article by Harry F. Ward
Law and Order in Japan
will appear in an early issue of
THE NATION

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France's Treaties in Eastern Europe

THE peace of Europe depends upon Central Europe; in many ways the French Eastern treaties are more significant than the Security Pact which is being negotiated in Western Europe at present. France has unequivocally declared her intention to support her Eastern allies; she has also declared that the Security Pact must be "supplementary" to the Covenant and in the event of war she could still base her actions on Article X of the Covenant, which would take precedence over later agreements. Few except students of foreign affairs are familiar with the texts of these important Eastern treaties. The Treaty of Alliance and Friendship between France and Czecho-Slovakia was printed in *The Nation* of February 27, 1924. The correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* states:

> It appears to be conclusively proved that there is no military convention between France and Czecho-Slovakia, in spite of misinformed rumors which have made the allegation. But the Czecho-Slovak army is largely trained by a French military mission.

The full text of the Polish Treaty is reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian* of June 6 and is as follows:

FRANCO-POLISH POLITICAL AGREEMENT

The Polish Government and the French Government, equally disposed, by maintaining the treaties which have been signed in common or which shall in the future be recognized by the one or by the other, to safeguard the state of peace in Europe, the security and the defense of their territory as well as of their mutual interests both political and economic, have agreed as follows:

ARTICLE 1. In order to coordinate their pacific efforts, the two governments undertake to concert with each other about all questions of foreign policy which interest the two states, and which bear upon the settlement of international relations, in the spirit of the treaties and in conformity with the Covenant of the League of Nations.

ARTICLE 2. Economic improvement being the primary condition of the reestablishment of the international order and of European peace, the two governments will concert together in this regard with a view to joint action and mutual support. They will work for the development of their economic relations, and will conclude special agreements and a commercial convention to that end.

ARTICLE 3. If, contrary to the anticipations and to the sincerely pacific intentions of the two contracting parties, those parties or one of them found themselves attacked without provocation on their part, the two governments would concert with each other with a view to the defense of their territory and the safeguarding of their legitimate interests, within the limits laid down in the preamble.

ARTICLE 4. The two governments undertake to consult each other before concluding new agreements which affect their policy in Central or in Eastern Europe.

ARTICLE 5. The present agreement will not enter into force until the commercial agreement now being negotiated shall have been signed.

A. BRIAND.
E. SAPIEHA.

Paris, February 19, 1921

A MILITARY CONVENTION?

The correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* concludes:

> It is commonly understood that Article 3 above has been supplemented by a military convention. The Poles, whose interests and inclinations have not been on the side of concealment, have advertised its existence, but the French have never admitted it, and the text of it is secret. There is, however, reason enough for assuming both that it exists and that it provides for the operation of a French military mission in Poland and for the provision of credits for equipment and arms. A French military mission, in fact, operates in Poland, and Marshal Foch has ceremonially visited the Polish General Staff in Warsaw.

Child Labor in China

BEHIND the present disturbances in China lie the working conditions created by the process of industrialization and inspired by modern capitalism. Excerpts from the report of the Municipal Council of the International Settlement in Shanghai, referred to below, were printed in the International Relations Section of *The Nation* for May 27, 1925. The *Manchester Guardian* commented editorially on June 16 as follows:

China is passing through the first phases of the industrial revolution. One of her ablest representatives said at Paris during the Peace Conference that this was the most critical and anxious aspect of China's future. Could China, with great and rapid industrialization in prospect, escape the dreadful shadows through which England groped into some kind of civilized life a century ago? Industrial development in China has been disastrously quick. In the seven years from 1915 the number of spindles rose from one to two millions. The conditions in these mills are very similar to the conditions in the Lancashire mills in the early days of the industrial revolution, and the conditions in the mines and steelworks are worse than those in the mills. Men work twenty hours underground in the mines of Shantung. Small boys work in the glassworks from six in the morning to eleven at night. Children work in the mills the same hours as adults. Nightwork is common, and everybody works seven days in the week.

The National Christian Council of China started an agitation three years ago for the introduction of the international labor standards contained in the Washington Convention of 1919. They held meetings, distributed literature, and tried to influence Chinese employers and the Chinese Government. They had some success in their larger aims, for the Government at Peking promulgated provisional factory regulations in 1923. They had still greater success in Shanghai, where they persuaded the Municipal Council to set up a child labor commission and to adopt its recommendations. Unfortunately these recommendations required the ratification by a taxpayers' meeting, and when the meeting was summoned last April there was not a quorum.

It is obvious that in the present state of China, where the enforcement of factory law, or any law, is exceedingly difficult, a foreign settlement like that at Shanghai, controlling its own district, had a splendid opportunity of introducing reform and setting a great example. When that community represents nations that have enjoyed and abused great privileges the obligation to make some return is particularly pressing. The taxpayers of Shanghai threw away a great opportunity. That opportunity will recur, and we cannot believe that it will be thrown away again. And when the Powers begin to cooperate with China instead of competing in exploiting her, they owe it to themselves as well as to her that they should make it easy for the Chinese Government to reform industrial conditions throughout China. The action of the powers will be a test of their good faith, for they will show whether their desire to forward these reforms is stronger than the powerful interests that seek to keep them back.

Further light on industrial conditions in China was thrown by questions and answers in the House of Commons,

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reported in the *Manchester Guardian* of the same date:

In reply to Mr. Looker (Conservative—Essex) Mr. Samuel [Parliamentary Secretary of the Overseas Trade Department] said that according to a report published last July by the Municipal Council of the International Settlement at Shanghai, the number of British textile mills is fourteen. No municipal regulations are in force governing the age at which young persons may be employed, but steps have been taken by the managers of the British mills to give effect to the recommendation of the Child Labor Commission, appointed by the Municipal Council, that the employment of children under the age of ten years should be prohibited. . . .

Mr. WILL THORNE (Labor—Plaistow) asked whether the cause of all the trouble was not the beastly low wages and the employment of children of eight years and under.

Mr. SAMUEL. No, sir; the British Government has done all it can with regard to labor within the international settlement. We have nothing to do with conditions outside of it.

Mr. JACK JONES (Labor—Silvertown). Then why do we send battleships?

Sir W. DAVISON (Conservative—Kensington). Is it not a fact that, however poor the wages, they are better in the foreign settlements than elsewhere in China, and has not Zinoviev taken credit for starting this trouble?

Mr. LANSBURY (Labor—Bow) asked whether there was any evidence of an attack by the Chinese in the police station with any arms whatever. Is it not a fact, he asked, that the people were shot in the back and could not, therefore, have been storming the police station when shot?

Mr. SAMUEL. I do not agree they were shot in the back. He added that the crowd was large and murderous and tried to rush the police station, which was full of arms. If the action which was taken had not been taken there would have been greater bloodshed.

Mr. LANSBURY asked whether the Government were prepared to organize a battalion of shareholders to do their own dirty work. (Labor cheers.) . . .

Mr. TOM JOHNSTON (Labor—Dundee), referring to the statement that the British Government had done all they could to improve conditions in the Shanghai mills, asked what steps had been taken to enforce the conclusion come to by the Shanghai Municipal Missions Report, and why a majority could not be got to ratify the proposals of that report.

Mr. SAMUEL replied that the British community and the British Consul General had sympathetically tried all they could to initiate a by-law to be enacted by the Shanghai municipal authorities in the direction suggested by the honorable member. The British Government at home had supported that policy, and two ladies connected with welfare work had been members of the mission to deal with child labor and long hours. A regulation was introduced by the Shanghai municipal authorities, but owing to there being no quorum it could not be passed. That was early in April. It was put down again for this month for discussion, and but for this unfortunate disturbance would doubtless have been dealt with.

Mr. LOOKER asked if it was not a fact that the British cotton mills of Shanghai had a regulation forbidding the employment of boys under ten and girls under twelve years of age.

Mr. SAMUEL replied that that was so, and that the British had only eight out of the 36 mills.

Captain WEDGWOOD BENN (Liberal—Leith). Is it not the fact that quite young children are employed seven days a week merely to earn their keep?

Mr. SAMUEL. In China, I am sorry to say, labor conditions are deplorable.

Captain WEDGWOOD BENN. Is it necessary to go further to discover the cause of the trouble?

Sir W. DAVISON. Is it not the fact that however deplorable the conditions they are better in foreign settlements than in the mills in China, and that these questions are merely being used as a pretext?

Mr. SAMUEL thought there could be no doubt that conditions are better in the foreign settlements.

Mr. LAWSON suggested that the real bolshevists are the people who are responsible for these conditions.

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